

SPORTS REVIEW

April 1981

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Wrestling

**THE INJURY
THAT COST
TONY ATLAS
THE NWA
TITLE**

**SECRET CAMERA
REVEALS
WHAT GOES
ON BEFORE THE
MATCHES START**

**WRESTLING'S
FIRST \$20,000
TAG TEAM
TOURNAMENT**

**THE MOONDOGS
PLAY "RUFF"**



**THE SENSUOUS
STRUGGLE OF AN
APARTMENT
WRESTLER**



OFFICIAL WRESTLING RATINGS

WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION

Champion: BOB BACKLUND
1—STAN HANSEN
2—KILLER KHAN
3—PEDRO MORALES
4—HULK HOGAN
5—SGT. SLAUGHTER
6—LARRY ZBYSZKO
7—KEN PATERA
8—PAT PATTERSON
9—RICK MARTEL
10—TONY GAREA

AMERICAN WRESTLING ASSOCIATION

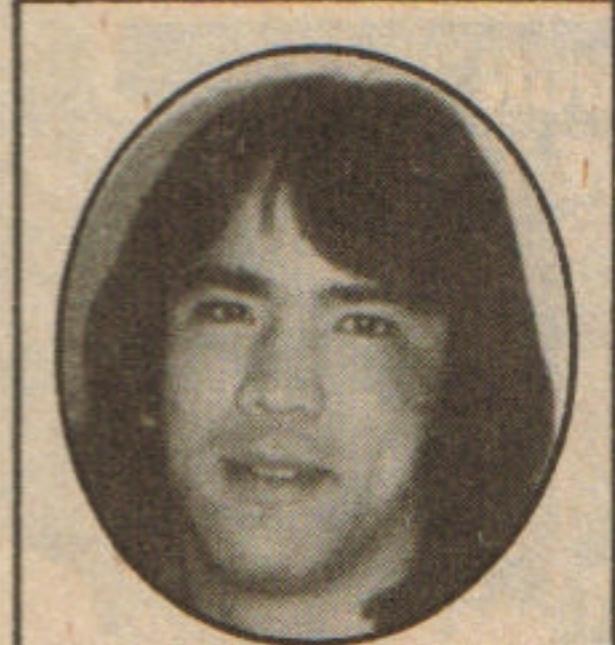
Champion: VERNE GAGNE
1—NICK BOCKWINKEL
2—BILLY ROBINSON
3—JOHN STUDD
4—DINO BRAVO
5—CRUSHER BLACKWELL
6—TOMMY RICH
7—MAD DOG VACHON
8—TITO SANTANA
9—GREG GAGNE
10—JESSE VENTURA

MOST POPULAR

1—ANDRE THE GIANT
2—BRUNO SAMMARTINO
3—DUSTY RHODES
4—MIL MASCARAS
5—BOB BACKLUND
6—RICK STEAMBOAT
7—PEDRO MORALES
8—WAHOO McDANIEL
9—DINO BRAVO
10—JUNKYARD DOG



PAT PATTERSON



RICK STEAMBOAT



NICK BOCKWINKEL



DUSTY RHODES

NATIONAL WRESTLING ALLIANCE

Champion: HARLEY RACE
1—RIC FLAIR
2—DUSTY RHODES
3—RICK STEAMBOAT
4—TONY ATLAS
5—DICK SLATER
6—MASKED GRAPPLER
7—TED DiBIASE
8—LES THORNTON
9—KEN PATERA
10—DAVID VON ERICH

TAG TEAMS

1—PAUL JONES & MASKED SUPERSTAR
2—TONY GAREA & RICK MARTEL
3—JESSE VENTURA & ADRIAN ADONIS
4—THE FREEBIRDS
5—THE SHEEPHERDERS
6—BOBBY JAGGERS & R.T. TYLER
7—THE MOONDOGS
8—THE SAMOANS
9—RAY STEVENS & JIMMY SNUKA
10—KILLER BROOKS & GARY YOUNG

MOST HATED

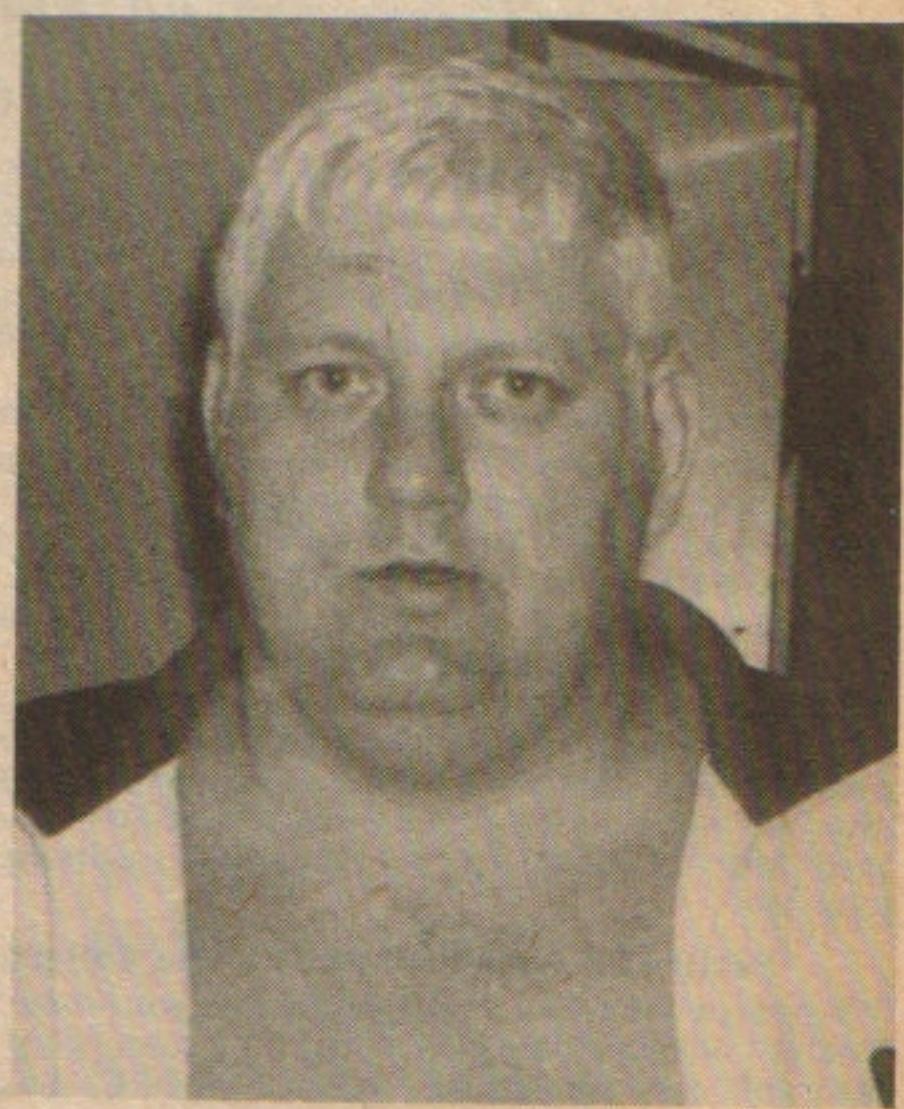
1—BARON VON RASCHKE
2—LARRY ZBYSZKO
3—KILLER KHAN
4—GREG VALENTINE
5—MASKED GRAPPLER
6—KEN PATERA
7—EDDY MANSFIELD
8—BOBBY JAGGERS
9—MICHAEL HAYES
10—KILLER BROOKS

THE TATTER

CORRESPONDENTS

Larry Cohen
Chicago, Ill.
Warren Knowles
Seattle, Wash.
Allison Corey
New York, N.Y.
Andre Camus
Montreal, Canada
Buddy Ford
St. Louis, Mo.
Masanori Murikami
Tokyo, Japan
Andy Rankowski
Portland, Ore.
Myron Roth
Miami, Fla.
Clifford Douglas
Denver, Colo.
Kevin McCloud
Boston, Mass.
Leroy Jackson
Detroit, Mich.
Danny Torres
Los Angeles, Ca.
B.W. Foreman
Atlanta, Ga.
Paul Dreiser
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Carl Salinger
Richmond, Va.
Geoffrey York
Toronto, Canada
Charles F. Amberson
St. Paul, Minn.
Cedric Coleridge
Sydney, Australia
George Hawkins
Bangor, Me.
Ed Remington
Indianapolis, Ind.
Diane Goh
Honolulu, Hi.
James Washington
Houston, Tex.
John West
Baltimore, Md.
Ellen Larsen
Charlotte, N.C.
Butch Gallagher
San Francisco, Ca.
Virginia W. Sloan
Amarillo, Tex.
Randy Swift
Memphis, Tenn.
Barry Simon
Tampa, Fla.



DICK MURDOCH

TAMPA, FL—People down in Florida still can't believe Dick Murdoch seriously considers wrestling his best friend, Dusty Rhodes.

As all fans must know by now, Murdoch has allied himself with Lord Al Hays, vowing to perform "outlaw deeds for outlaw wages." In effect, Murdoch would be willing to wrestle anyone around for the right price, even Rhodes, former partner in The Outlaws.

At first, Rhodes was disbelieving at the news. Then hurt. Now his emotions have turned to anger.

(Continued on page 48)

Never before in this history of wrestling journalism have so many respected reporters been involved in so important a venture. The best wrestling correspondents from all over the world have been enlisted to report on the news behind the news. Every wrestling fan must consider this the most important column he can read!

The Inquiring Reporter

No one knows wrestling better than the fans.

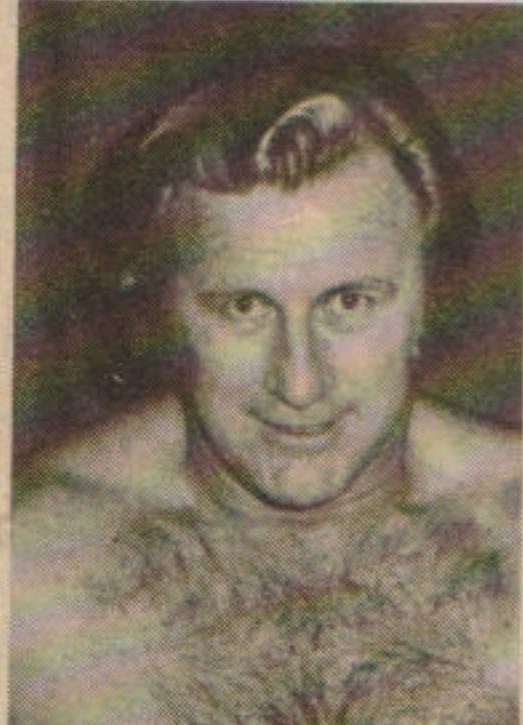
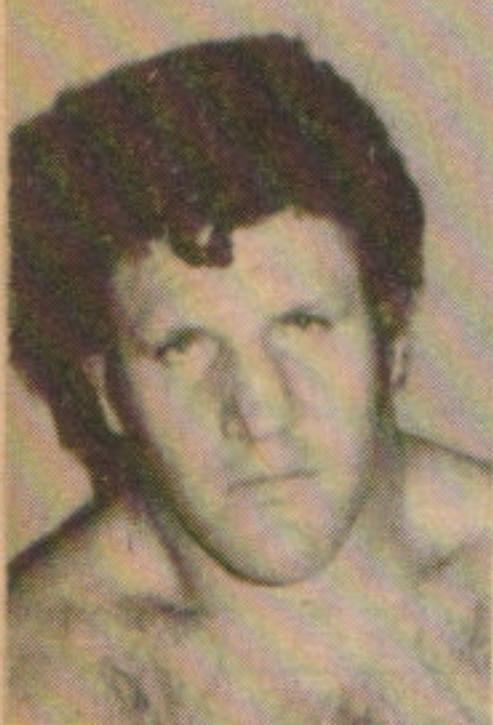
Because of this, we're now giving these experts a forum for their views and opinions. Each month, we'll ask a controversial question and have the fans answer—no matter what those answers might be!

THE QUESTION:

"If you could make one dream match, what would it be?"

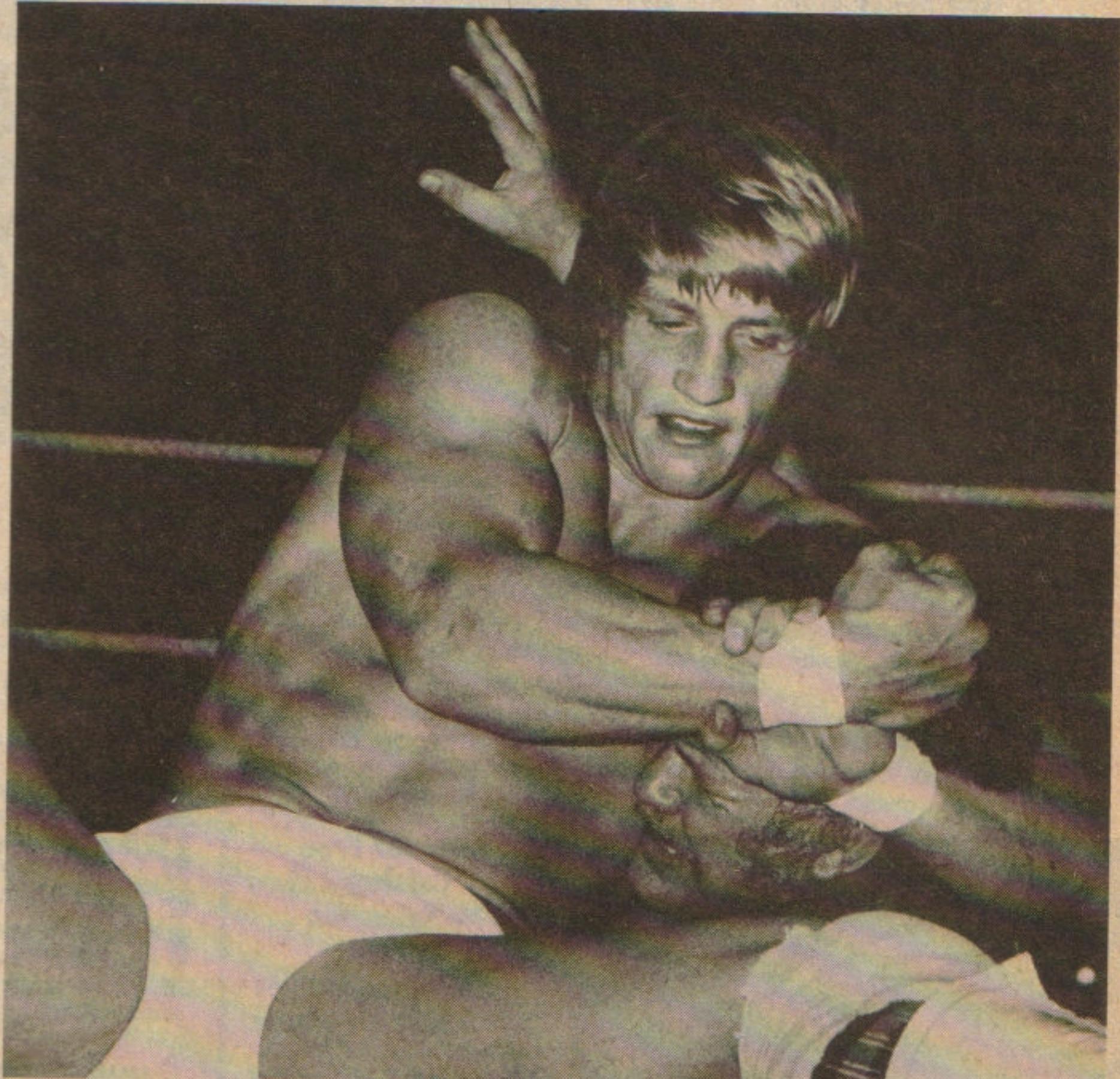
THE ANSWERS:

Arthur Pritchard, Tulsa, Oklahoma: "I'd love to see Bruno Sammartino tangle with Nick Bockwinkel. I always felt these two guys were the greatest wrestlers of all time. Look



A match between Bruno Sammartino (above left) and Nick Bockwinkel (above right) would be extraordinary.

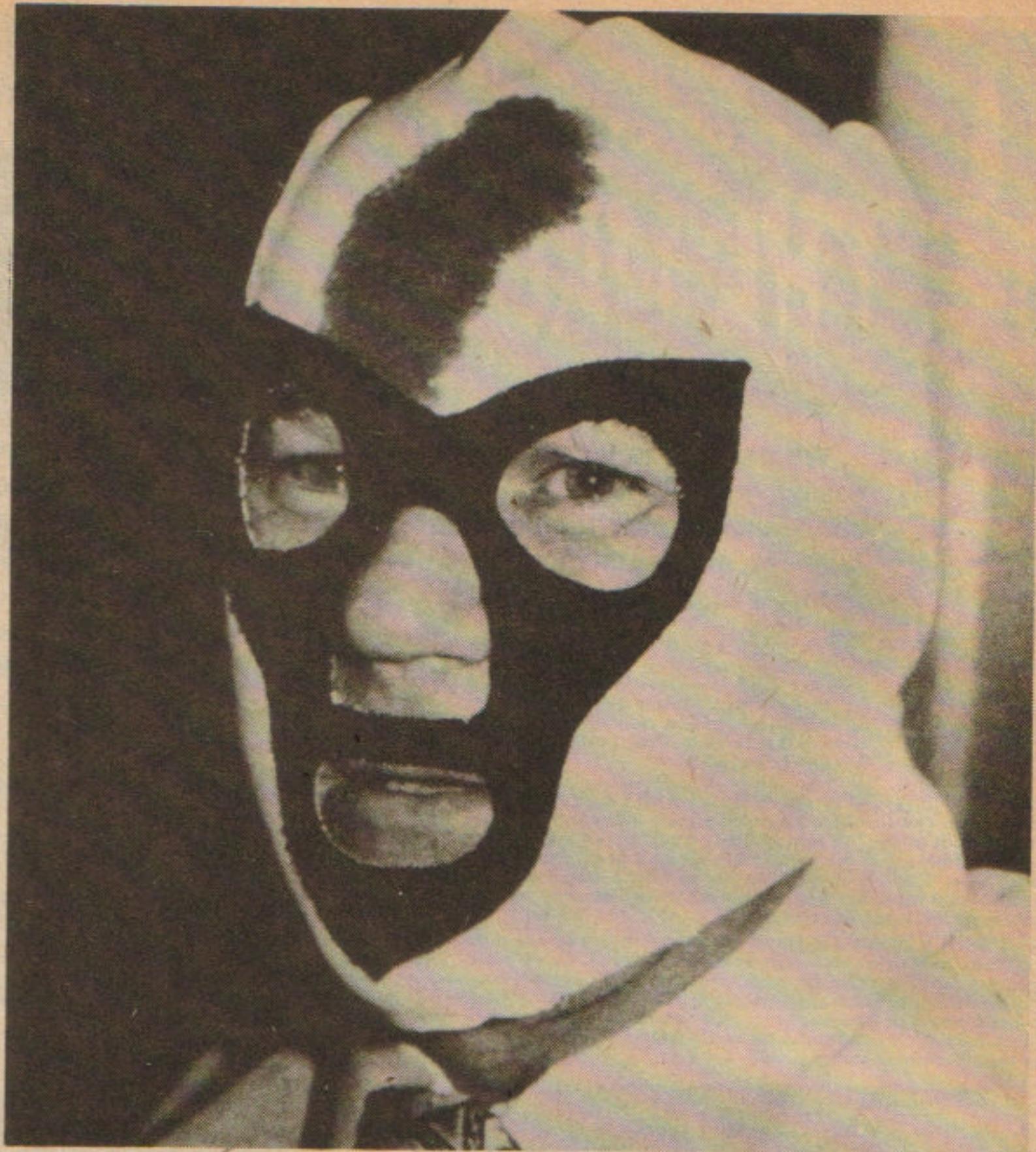
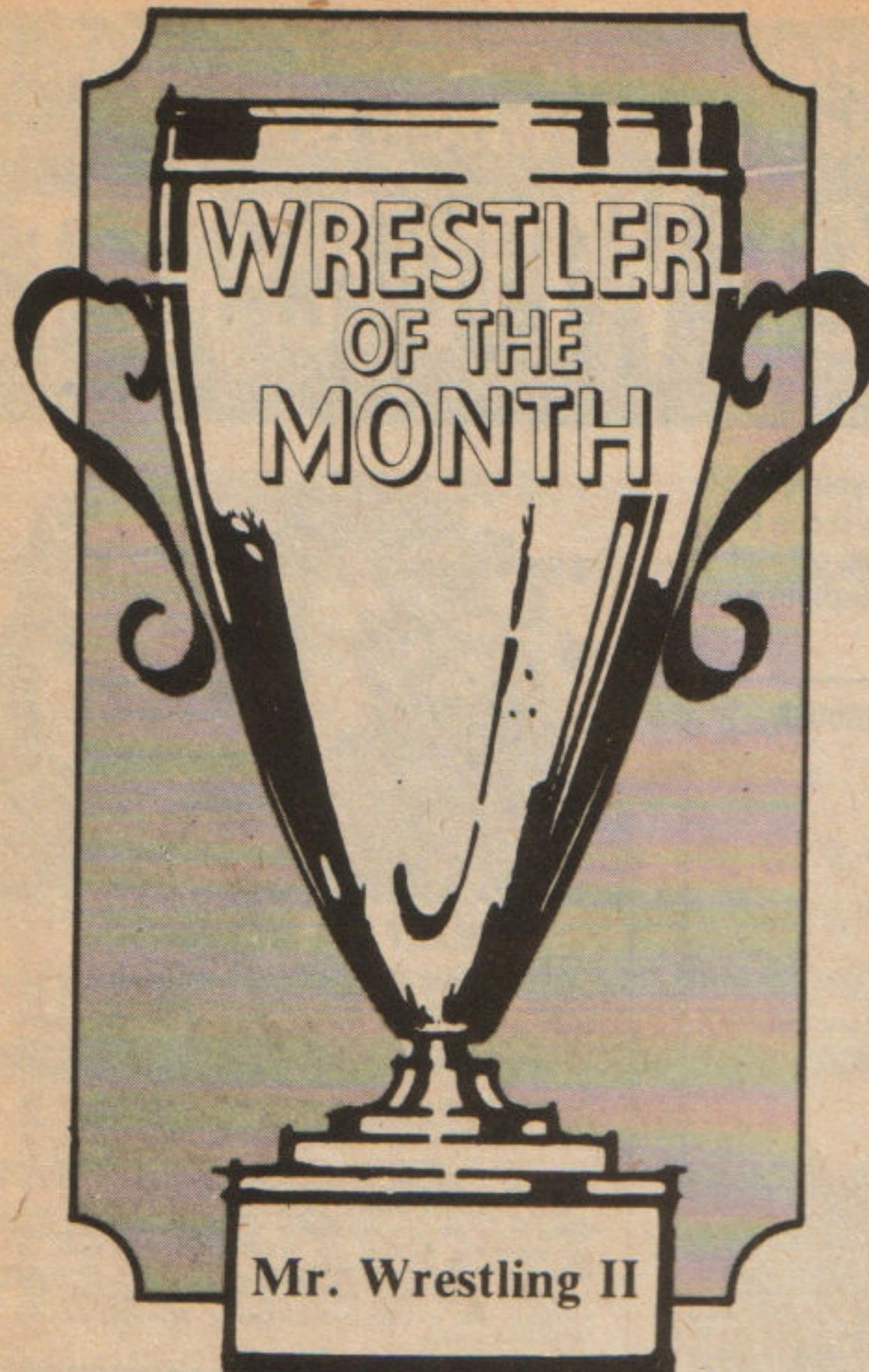
how different their styles are. This would be an absolutely terrific match, two former champions, two wrestling immortals, two men with completely different wrestling philosophies meeting head-on. It should be a one-hour time limit match."



A match between Kevin Von Erich (with a firm grip on NWA champion Harley Race, above) and "American Dream" Dusty Rhodes would be the ultimate confrontation, according to Joe Cribbs. Joe has no love for Kevin, his brothers, or their father.

Joe Cribbs, Memphis, Tennessee: "Dusty Rhodes and Kevin Von Erich. Imagine that bout? I've got to admit I don't take too kindly to any of the Von Erichs. Fact is, I

don't think any of them woulda kept half as far as they did without their daddy always pushing and helping. So I think Dusty Rhodes (Continued on page 50)

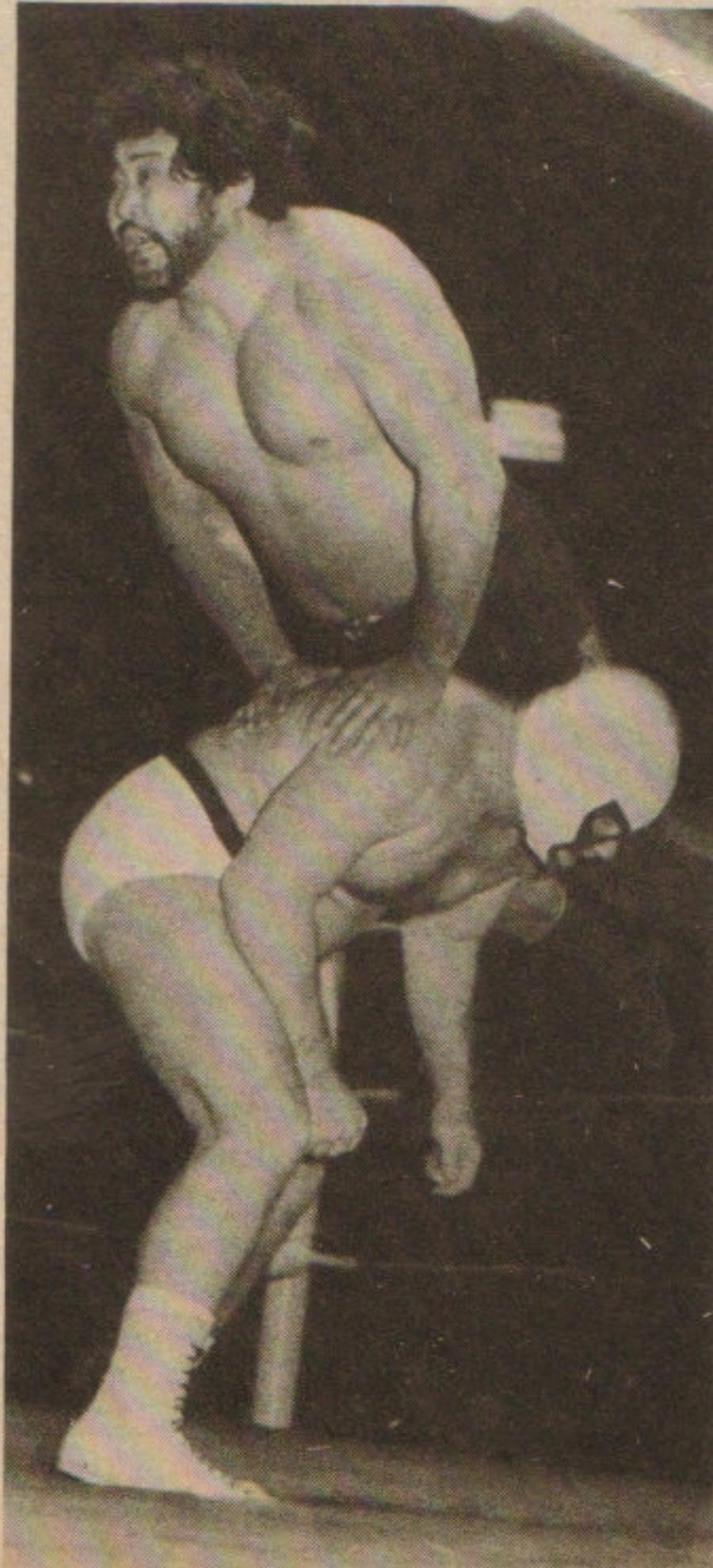


Above: Mr. Wrestling II awaits medical attention after being attacked at ringside by Mr. Saito. (II only allowed the doctor to cut away a portion of the mask to treat the wound.) Below: II positions himself to send an onrushing Saito sailing across the ring.

WHO ELSE COULD be considered but Mr. Wrestling II? Recently, II, disgusted with the epidemic of rulebreaking in Georgia, decided to hang up the boots. In an interview prior to his final match, II discussed the pain of impending retirement. "Yeah, it's awfully difficult to stop," II had said. "I guess what I'll miss most isn't the competition nor the sheer thrill of combat. I'll miss my fans. I can say with total honesty I love each and every one of my fans. I owe all I am to them. It'll hurt very much to retire, but, well, I think it's time.

A national campaign was launched to persuade II not to retire. Tens of thousands of fans wrote, called, and submitted petitions to promoters, Georgia Championship Wrestling, and our magazine begging II to return. Still, II remained retired.

But old wrestlers don't retire, they get involved as spectators, to paraphrase Douglas MacArthur.



Sitting ringside at the Omni, purely as a fan, II watched the Mr. Saito-Bob Armstrong match with growing alarm.

Midway through that heated battle, II noticed Saito reaching into his boot and withdrawing a foreign object. From his ringside seat, an enraged II reached into the ring and wrenched the object from Saito. As soon as II grabbed the object he waved it, drawing the referee's attention. Immediately, the alert official disqualified Saito. That precipitated a senseless assault.

Saito leaped from the ring and pummeled II, dressed in street clothes. Blood poured beneath his white mask as the stunned II fought back valiantly, albeit in vain.

"That was the final straw," said II. "I saw how a man would break rules I spent my life defending, and then he has the cowardly nerve to come and attack me while I'm in street clothes. You can bet he

(Continued on page 14)

WRESTLER OF THE MONTH

(Continued from Page 12)



II is besieged by fans as he sits at ringside during his brief retirement. The love of those fans, more than the incident with Saito, brought the great masked man out of retirement.

wouldn't have the guts to pull anything like that if I was dressed in trunks and boots."

Equally important in persuading II to leave retirement were the pleas from his fans.

"After reading the stories in your magazines," II told *Sports Review Wrestling*, "I knew I couldn't stay away from the ring for too long. All I had to do was imagine those little faces all twisted with sadness because I'd left the ring, and it just tore through my gut.

"I think the fans were most instrumental in getting me back in

the ring. I thought of how much they love me and how much I love them and it just hurt to be away from them. Oh, I get recognized in restaurants. And before long, I'm signing autographs, something I do love.

"But it isn't the same signing autographs in a suit and tie and signing autographs just before you get into the ring. That's the big difference. And, though this may sound kind of humble, I didn't realize quite how beloved I had become until the articles in your magazines.

"So I had to weigh all the factors and make a decision. Obviously, if I couldn't do it anymore within the squared circle, I wouldn't consider coming back. You should know when to quit. I hate to see a fellow athlete linger long after his time.

"But I knew I could still whip any of those goons like Saito with one hand tied behind my back. I'm just not ready for a rocking chair." II grinned. "Besides, I'd like to share this very meaningful 'Wrestler of the Month' award with all my fans. They're the ones who brought me back." □

TOP WRESTLE YOUR QUESTION

Do you have a question which concerns all of wrestling? Each month in SPORTS REVIEW WRESTLING, the sport's top superstars will answer a question sent in by a reader. If you wish to have your question answered by the wrestlers, send it to:
ASK THE STARS
Sports Review Wrestling
Box 48
Rockville Centre, N.Y.
11571

The "Question of the Month" is:

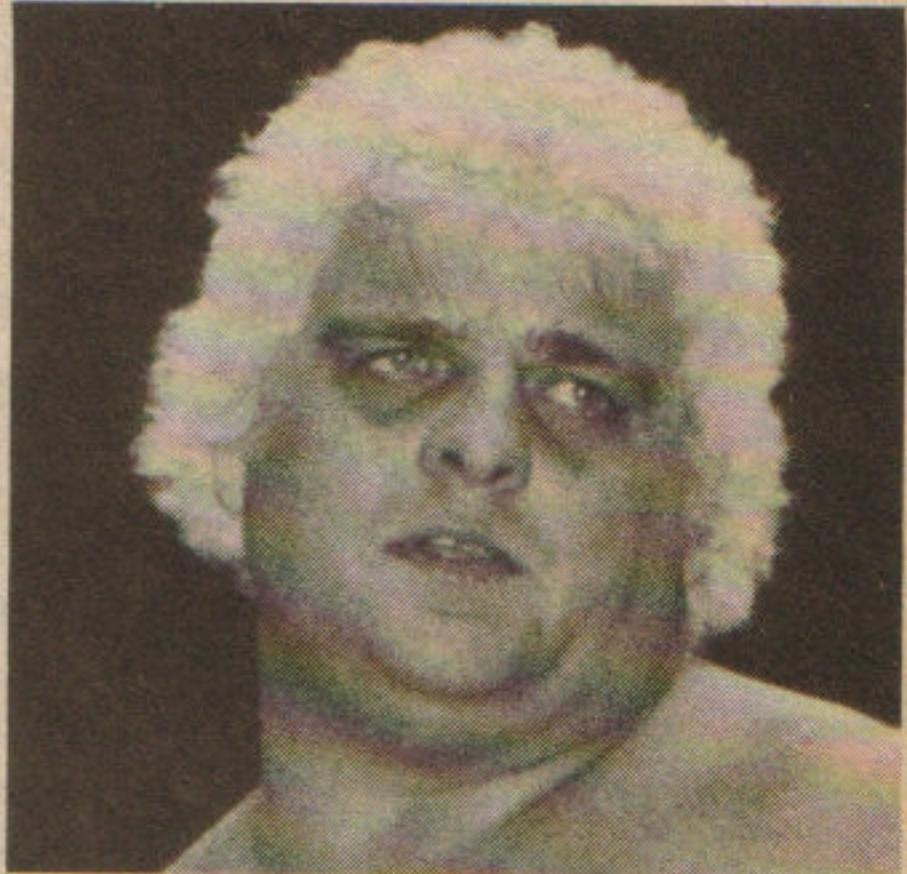
"Should Bruno Sammartino retire?"

**Submitted by:
Leonard
Evanston;
New Haven,
Connecticut**



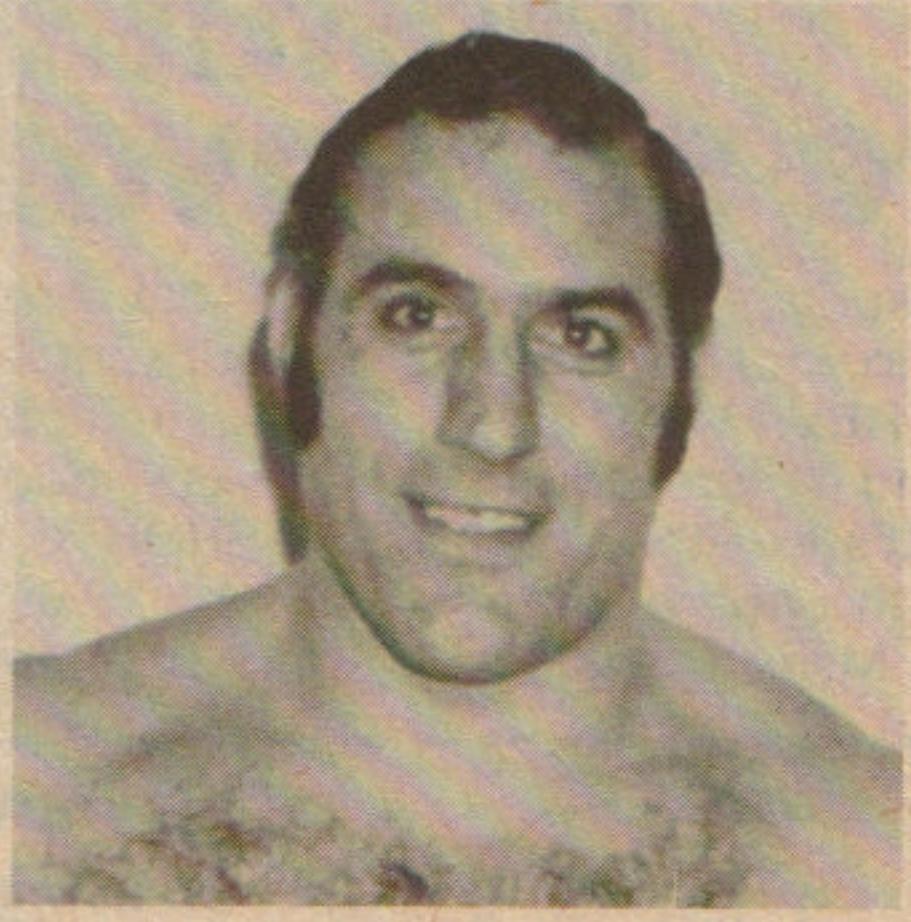
GENE ANDERSON

"Who? I thought Sammartino retired already. I haven't heard of him in a long time. He's not a champion anymore, right? I don't hear of him getting any title shots, right? How come Backlund or Race or Gagne won't give him a shot at a belt? Maybe 'cause he doesn't wrestle anymore."



DUSTY RHODES

"Bruno's my main man. I really like the guy. He's got his own style and he don't stab a friend in the back and he don't steal maneuvers. And you know if you call Bruno and say you need a favor, he'll come a runnin'. Yeah, Bruno should be around a long, long time 'cause he's a helluva wrestler."



DOMINIC DeNUCCI

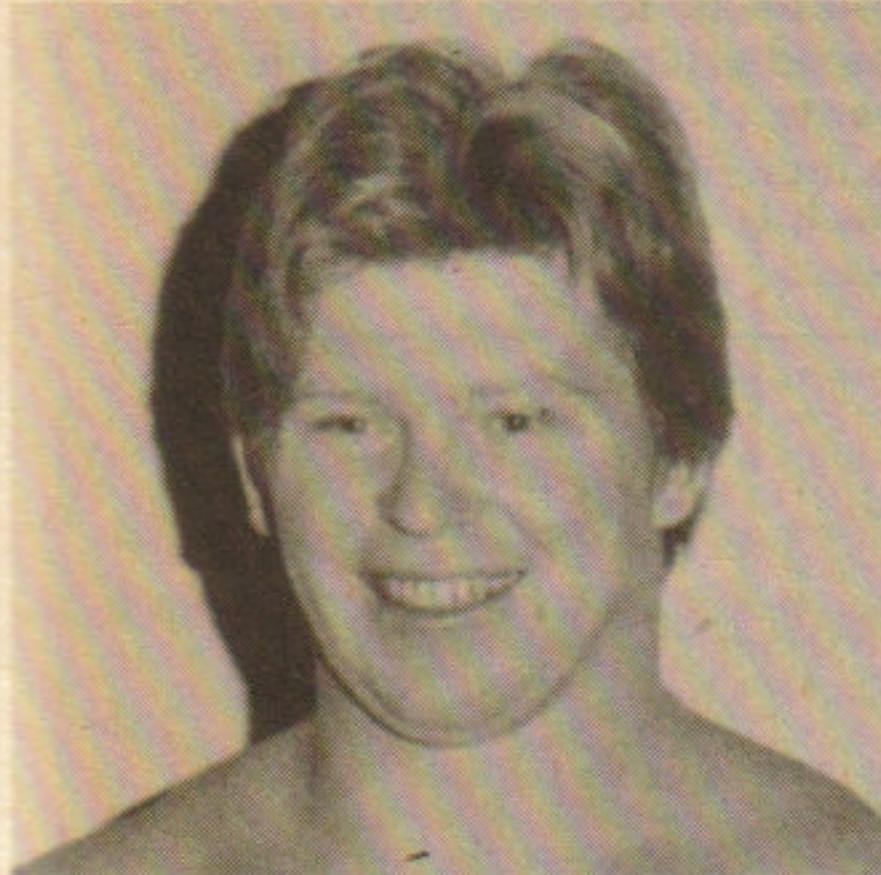
"I hate people who attack Bruno. Here's a guy who's done more for wrestling than any man alive and creeps like Zbyszko try to put him down. Bruno worked with Larry, took him under his wing and trusted him. And Zbyszko sticks the shiv in Bruno's back. I can't wait for Bruno to destroy Zbyszko once and for all."



CAPTAIN LOU ALBANO

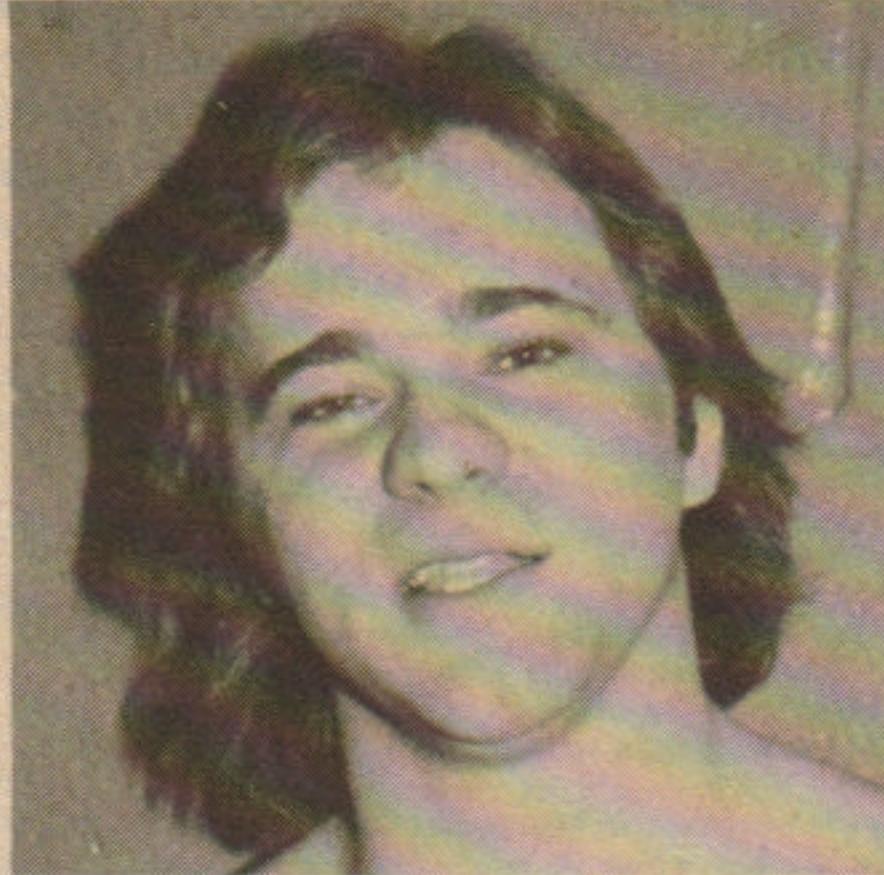
"The man should be put in a home, I've seen him, too many times, too many times, I've seen how he cheats people, I've seen what he does to my men, fair, upstanding citizens like the Moondogs, Sammartino tried to blackmail them. It won't work, I'll get Bruno Sammarstinko, he's a bum, a creep, a fool."

WRESTLERS ANSWER OF THE MONTH



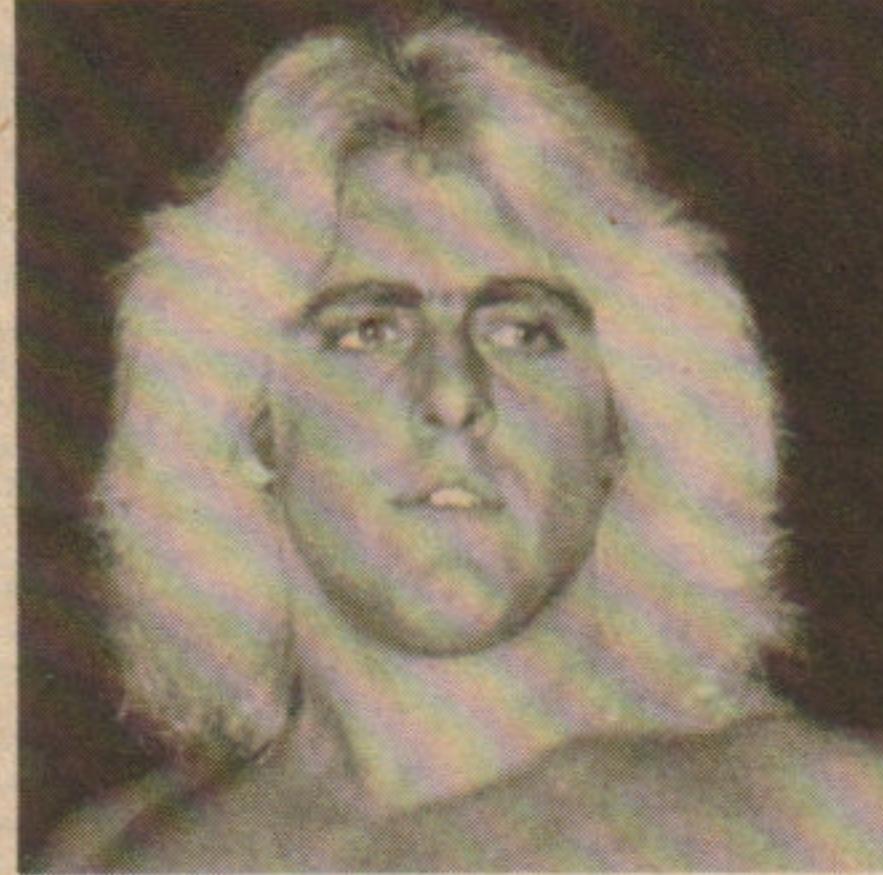
BOB BACKLUND

"Why? Sammartino's one of the greatest wrestlers around. Not only is Sammartino superb, but he acts as an inspiration to all of us. Bruno's fiery dedication to his sport, his tremendous skills and kindness to everyone is something the sport needs. Wrestling needs Bruno Sammartino."



LARRY ZBYSZKO

"The man is an absolute disgrace. It embarrasses me to see that old fool creak with age as he tries to lace up his boots. Look at the feeble way he wrestles. He has no moves left. He can barely take two steps without wheezing. If he didn't have his past glories to live on, he would've been gone a long time ago."



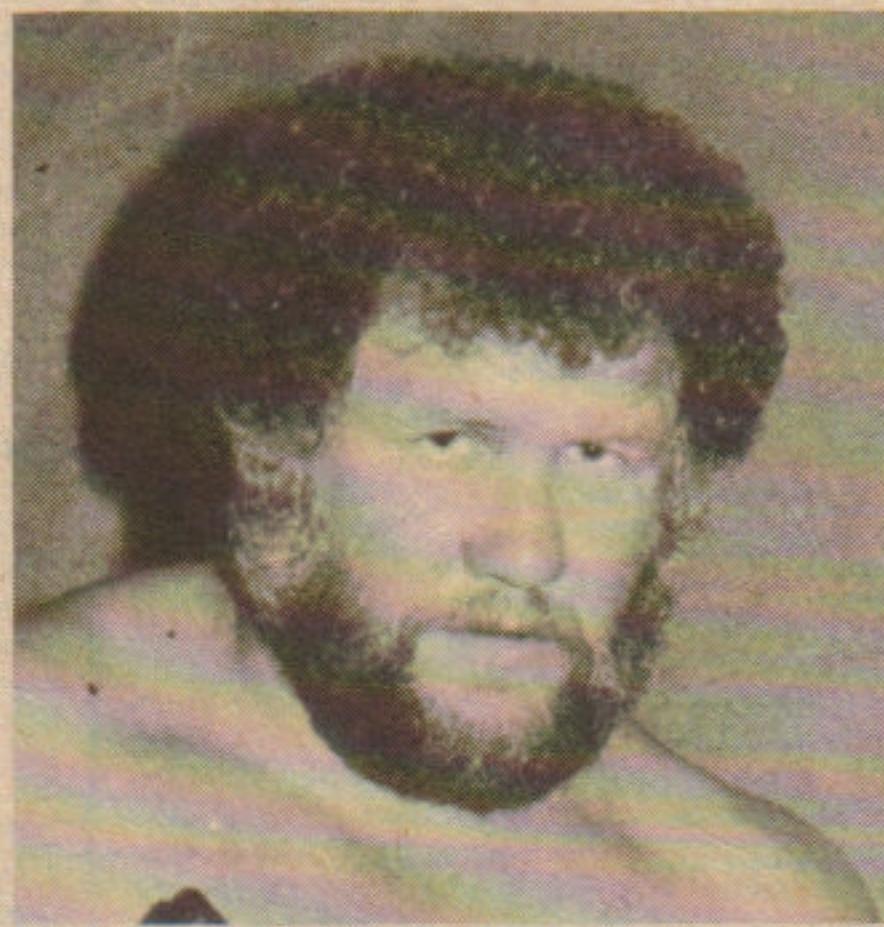
RIC FLAIR

"I've always admired Sammartino. I really respect him, both as a person and a wrestler. I met Bruno when I first broke in and he was really nice, encouraging me, offering advice and all. He always has the time to talk to the younger guys. He's no snob, that's for sure. I couldn't imagine pro wrestling without Sammartino."



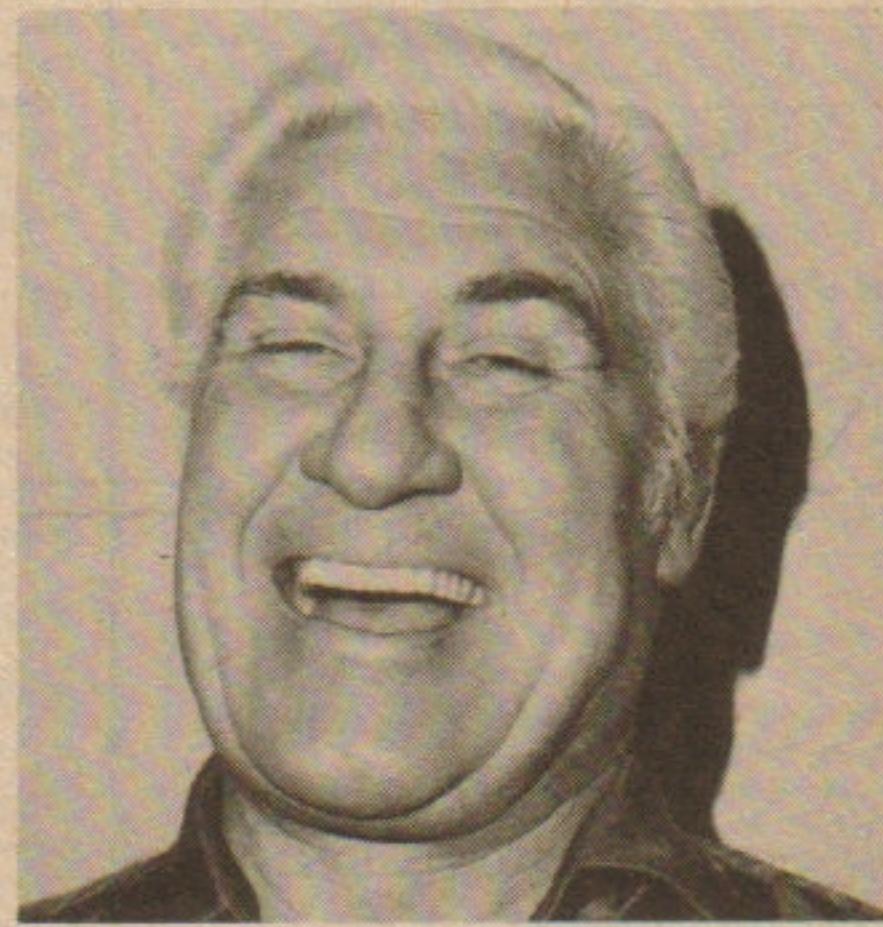
ANDRE THE GIANT

"Well, I am a very lucky and fortunate man because I can call Bruno Sammartino my friend. To have Bruno as a friend means a great deal to me. But it also means a great deal to wrestling to have a man like Bruno around. He is absolutely fearless. He will defend the honor and integrity of wrestling even at risk to himself."



HARLEY RACE

"As one champion to the next, I gotta give Sammartino a lotta credit. All this foolish talk about him retiring is a lotta bunk. You give one of these fresh-faced punks a microphone and they yap and whine like there's no tomorrow."



FRED BLASSIE

"That pencil-necked geek is a two-faced, lying, treacherous, conniving bum, that's what he is. I've extended the hand of friendship to him on more than one occasion only to have the geek try and bite my arm up to the shoulders. He's worthless, with no talent and no morals."

PHOTOS BY BOB RUIZ

Throughout this match, both masked men valiantly faced the vicious tactics of the Anderson Brothers.

THE CLATTER OF workmen echoed throughout the arena. A steel cage was being erected for the evening's match.

"First thing I learned on the streets," one workman told another, "is make sure you have some way of escaping if the going gets rough. This cage doesn't give you any way out if you're losing. Only the winner gets free. Those wrestlers are crazy."

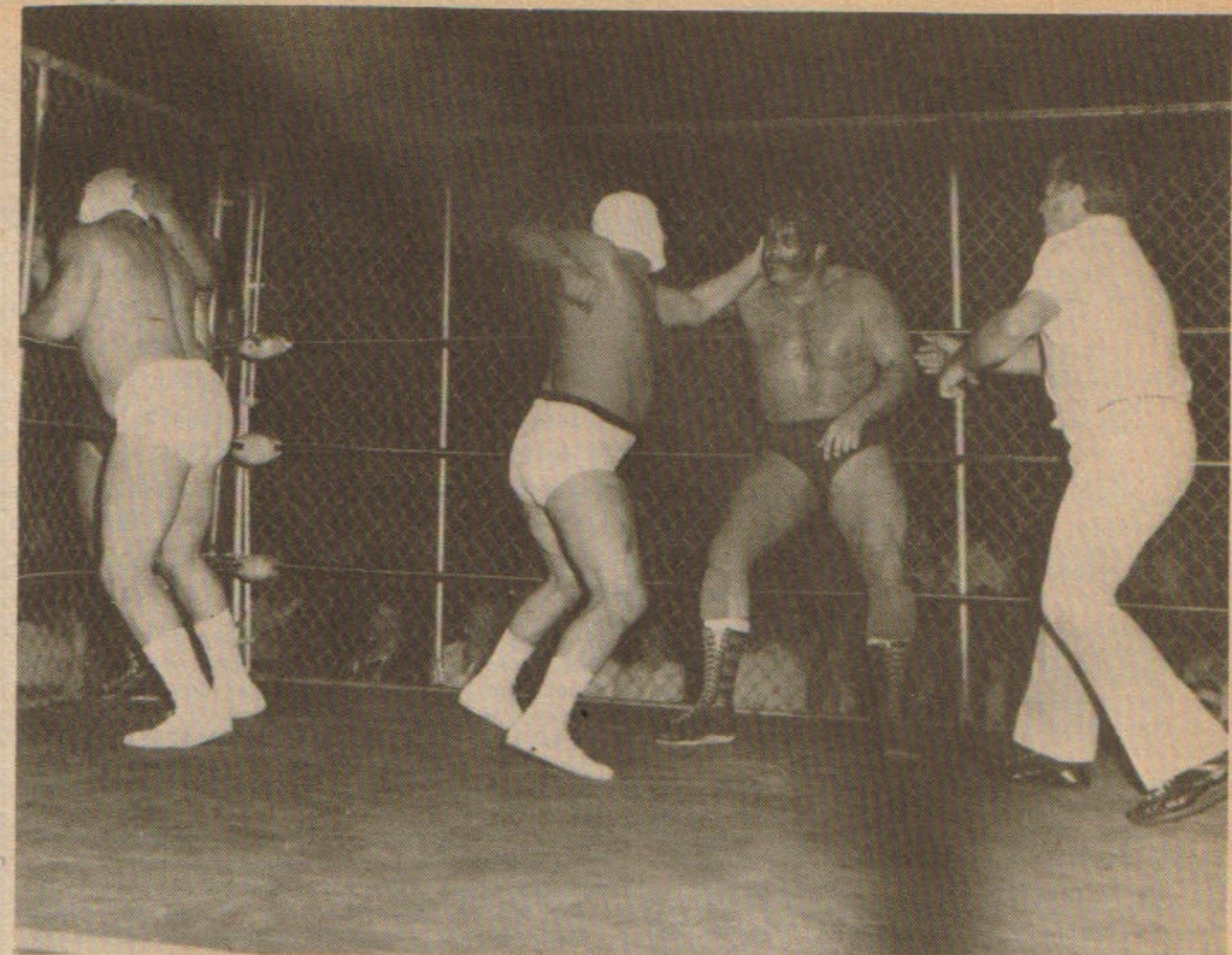
"The money they'll make tonight," his friend replied, "is enough to make me go crazy."

"That's where you're wrong. These guys could make more in a straight match wrestling alone than they could in a tag team cage match. No, money isn't what makes them do this. They're crazy. I don't care how much you hate a guy. It's not worth dying to try to kill him."

"That's why you're putting up the cage and not wrestling in it. Remember the wrestlers you used to know in high school? Some of them were really strange. As I see it, the best and the strangest became professional athletes. Those are the guys who have to wrestle in cage matches, settle scores in the most dangerous ways possible. They're not like you and me. They don't know about fear the way regular people do."

If Mr. Wrestling and Mr. Wrestling II could have heard that conversation, their reaction would have been rueful laughter. These top athletes intimately knew gut-wrenching fear. It comes with the cage match. They knew their opponents, the Andersons, were experts at the kind of contained battling needed for a cage match. Still, there are some challenges that cannot be ignored.

"There's a finality about a cage



FEAR AND HATRED

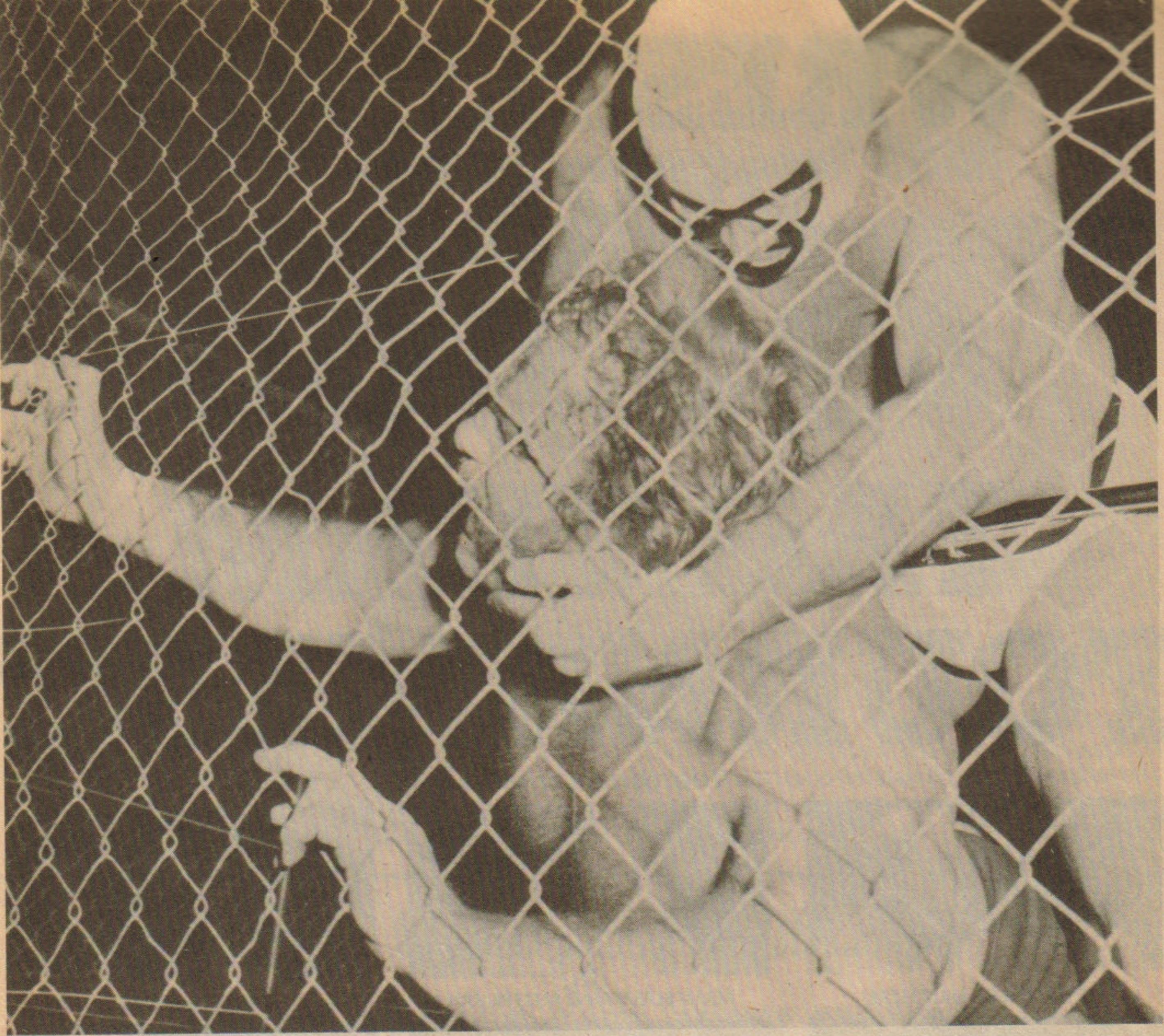
match," Mr. Wrestling explained, "there has to be a resolution. The Andersons can't escape from us. We can't escape from them, too, I guess. But the important thing is to make sure they're trapped with us."

"We've got to overwhelm them," Mr. Wrestling II adds, "to show other

wrestlers not to be afraid of this pair. They have one reputation for being evil. It's our job to show that reputation isn't deserved. If we can stop the Andersons' reign of terror, we'll be helping wrestling. And when we help wrestling, we help ourselves."

The men know there is a great

Mr. Wrestling I and Mr. Wrestling II, unafraid of the consequences, walked into a caged ring to do battle with the Anderson Brothers. As in any cage match, each team knew the losers would be beaten senseless—at the very least

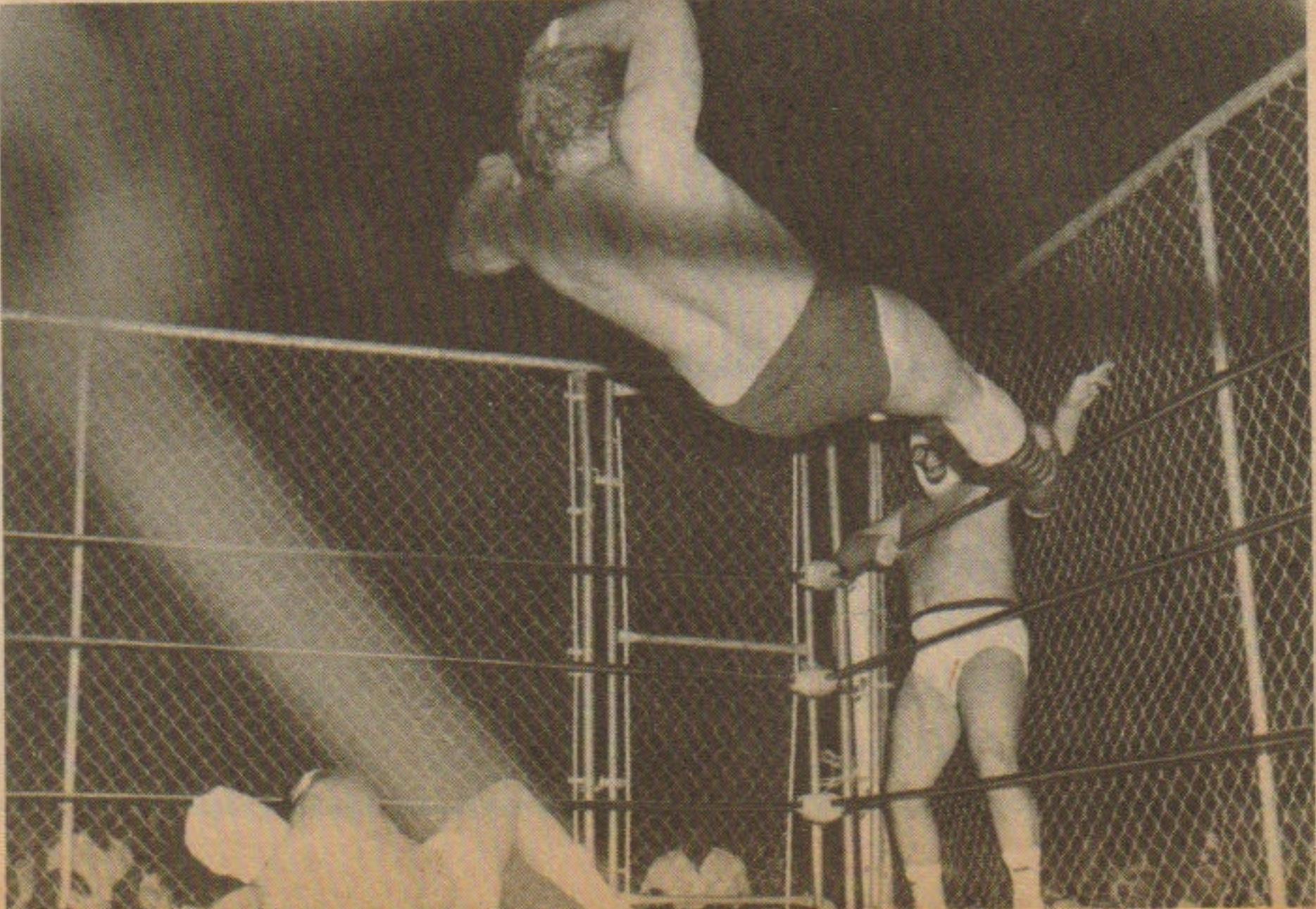


IN A CAGE

element of risk; "our careers could be ended at any moment. When the Andersons start going in a cage match, the action can get incredible. People haven't wrestled again after meeting this pair. Sometimes, it takes a few matches more before a man realizes the damage. The body just doesn't respond. The Andersons have earned their reputation."

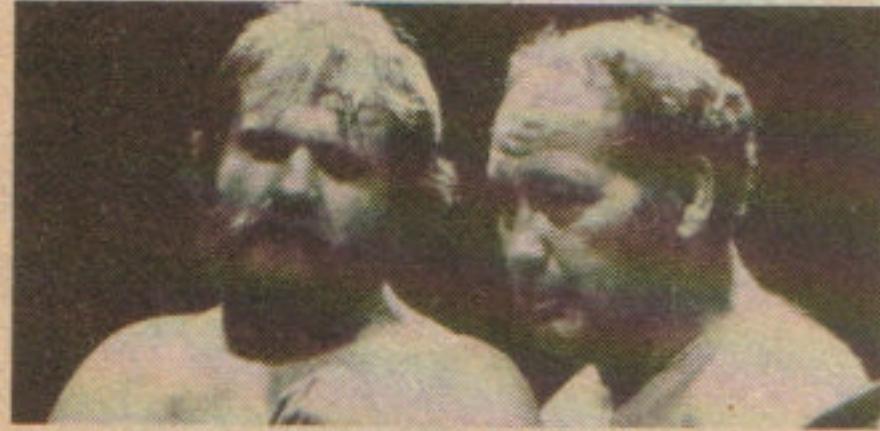
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Using the top rope as a launching pad, Gene Anderson prepares to land hard on Mr. Wrestling, whose partner, Mr. Wrestling II, is helpless to assist.

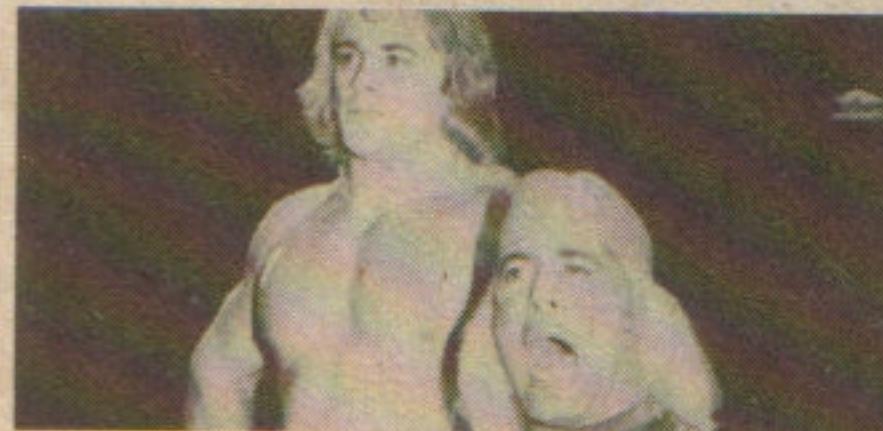


WRESTLING'S FIRST \$20,000 TAG TEAM TOURNAMENT

PHOTOS BY BILL APTER



THE ANDERSON BROTHERS



KEVIN SULLIVAN & AUSTIN IDOL



THE FREEBIRDS



JERRY ROBERTS & STEVE O



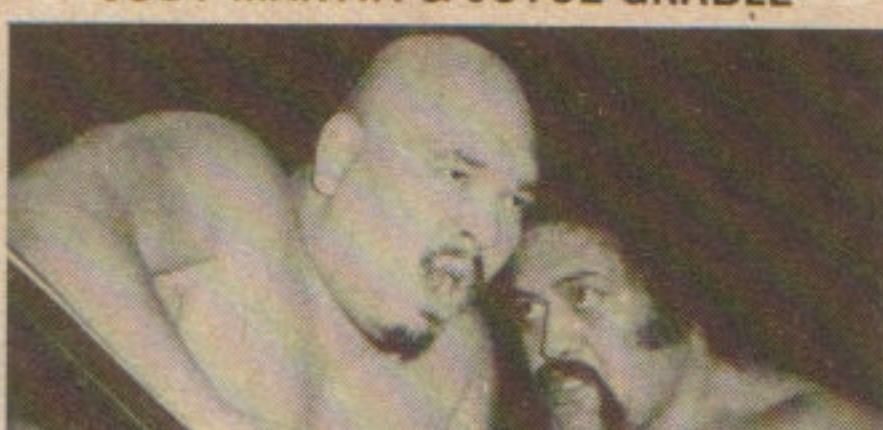
JUDY MARTIN & JOYCE GRABLE



TERRY TAYLOR & STEVE KEIRN



JERRY & JACK BRISCO



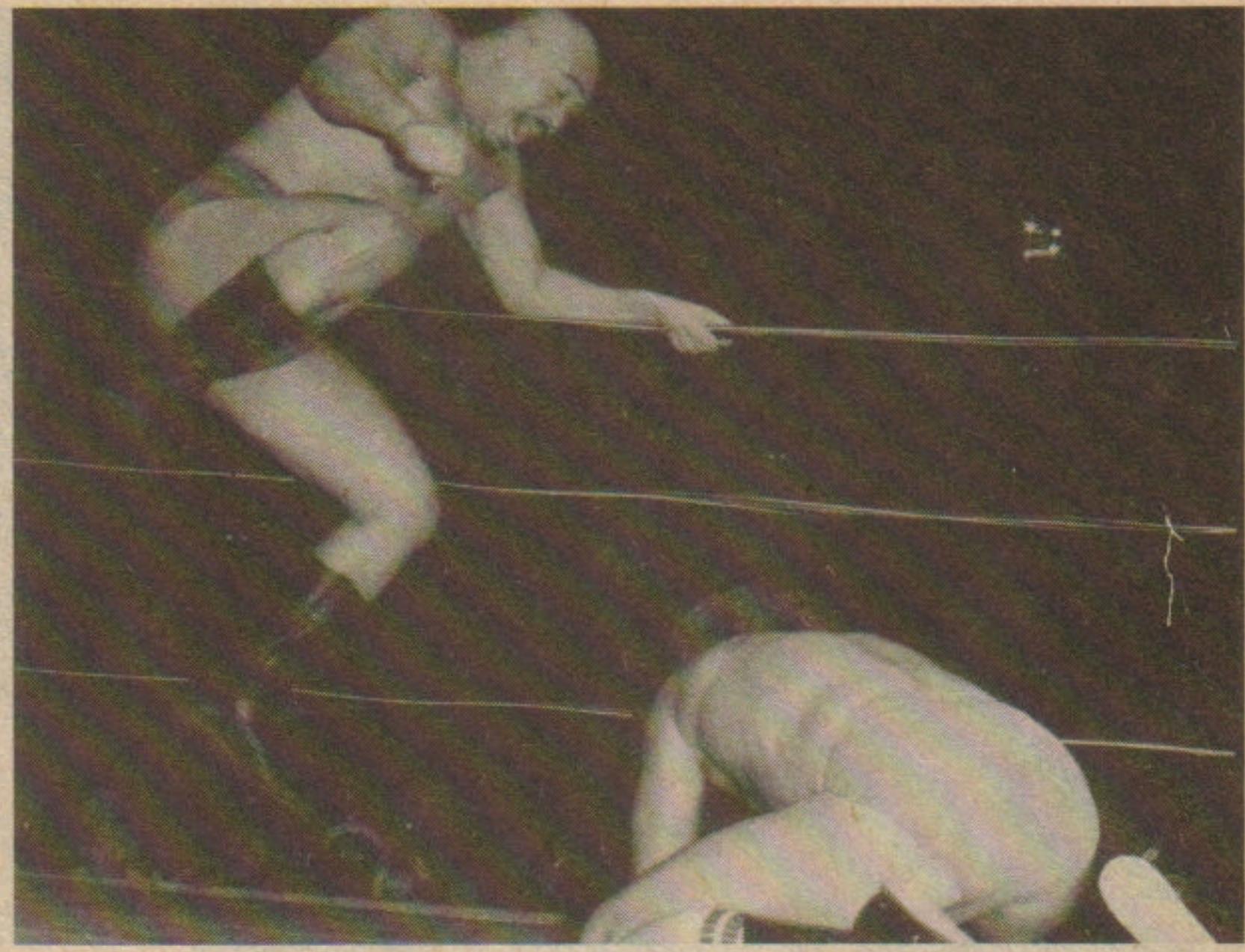
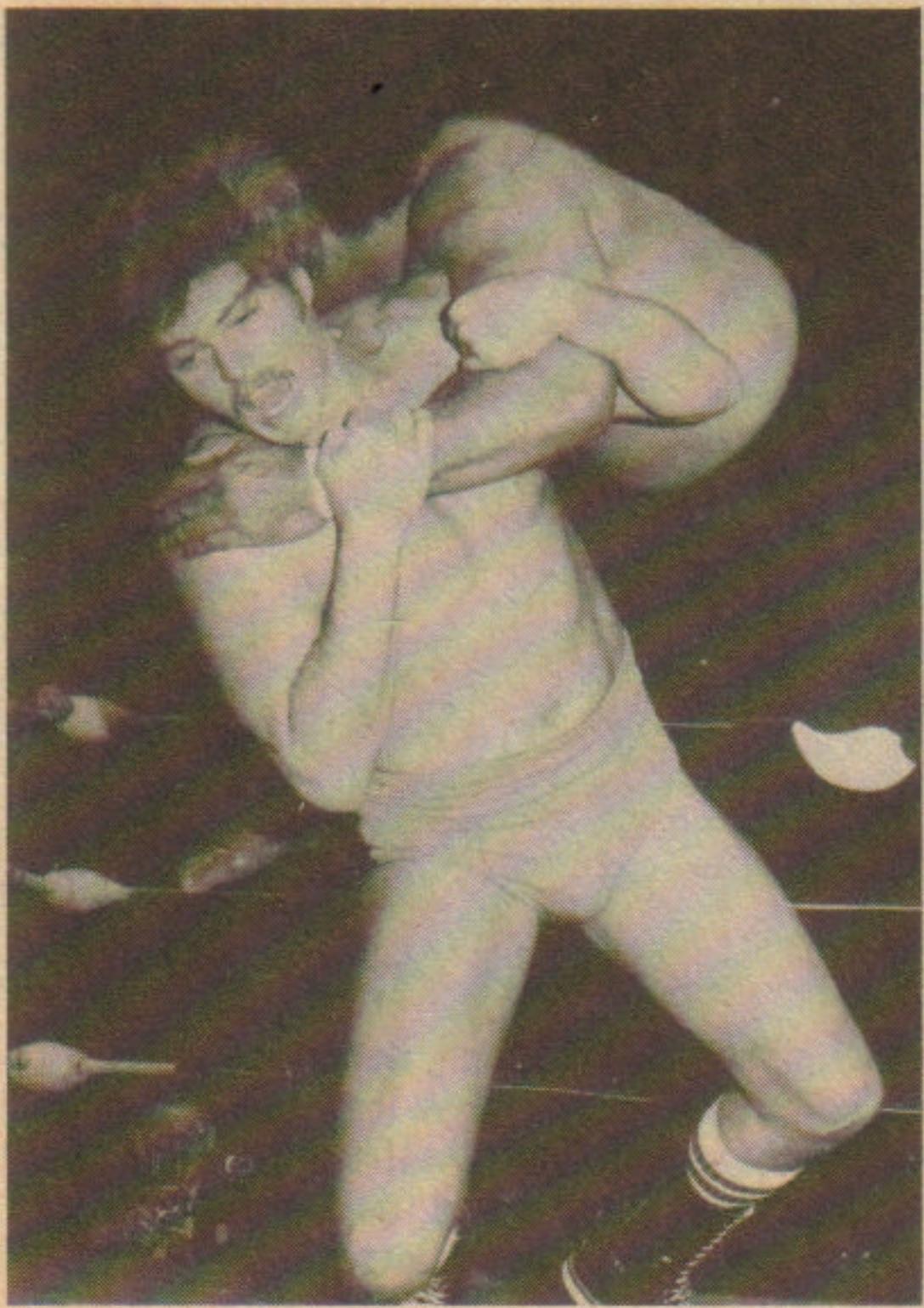
KILLER KHAN & SAMOAN AFA



ROBERT FULLER & STAN FRAZIER

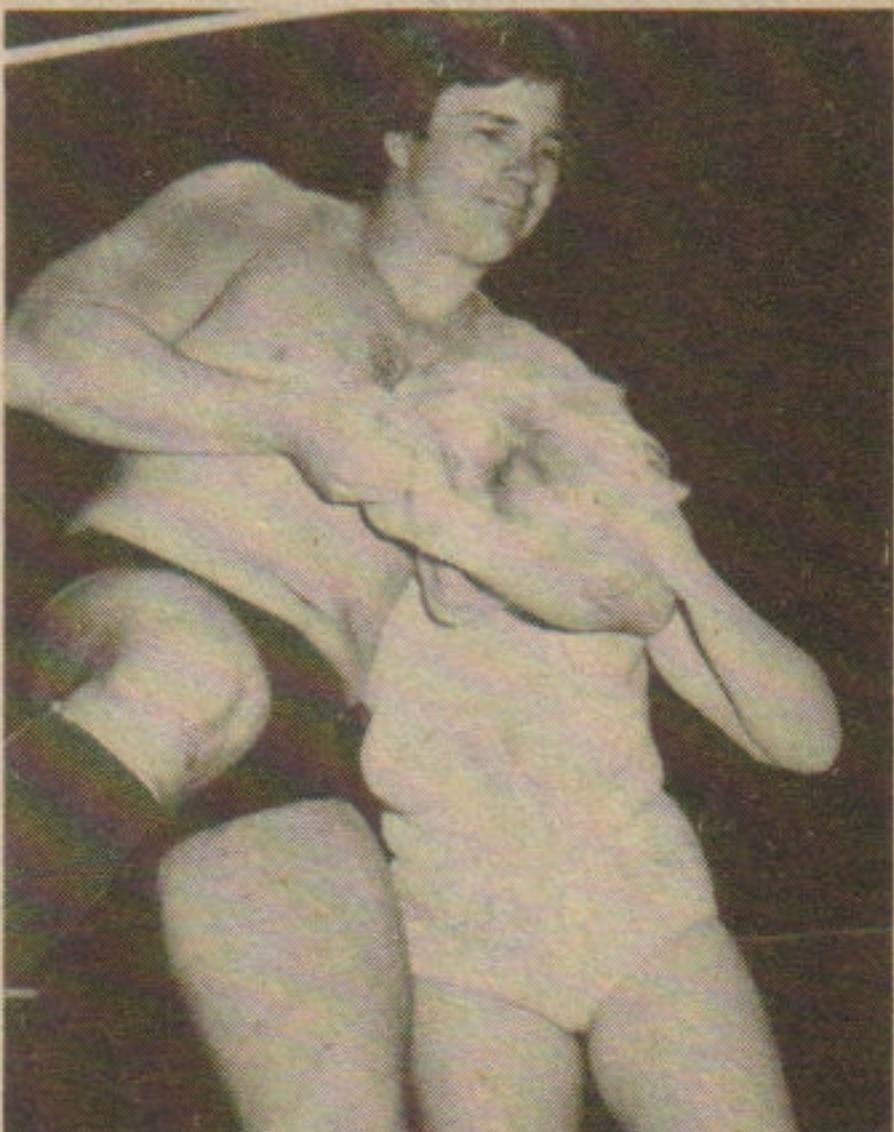
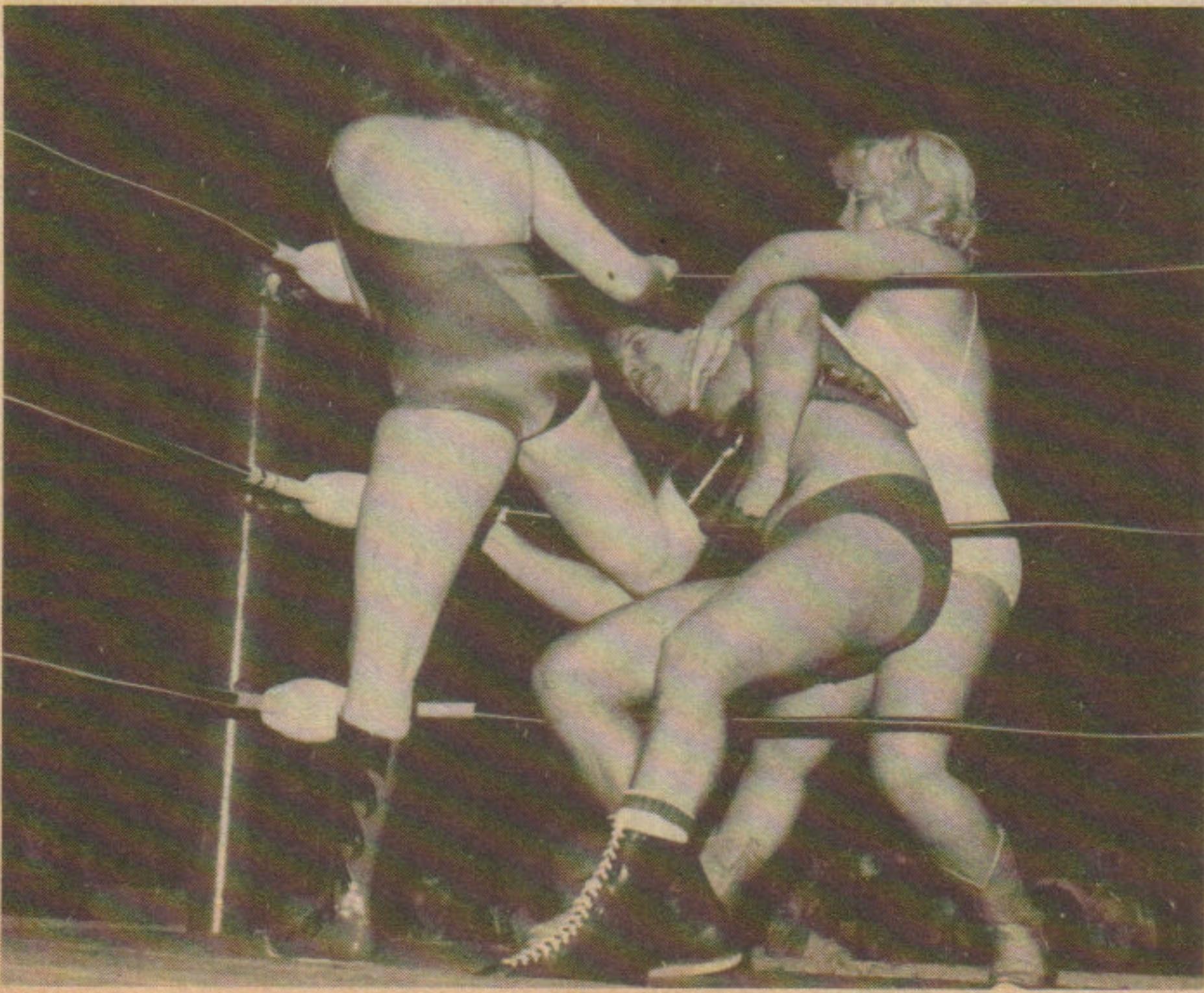
It was a gala evening. All the greatest mat stars in Georgia came to Atlanta's Omni. But more than the dazzling prize of \$20,000 was at stake. Equally important was the chance to win the Georgia National Tag Team Trophy. And then there was the matter of pride. No one wanted to lose.

ROBERT FULLER AND STAN FRAZIER VS. AFA THE SAMOAN AND KILLER KHAN



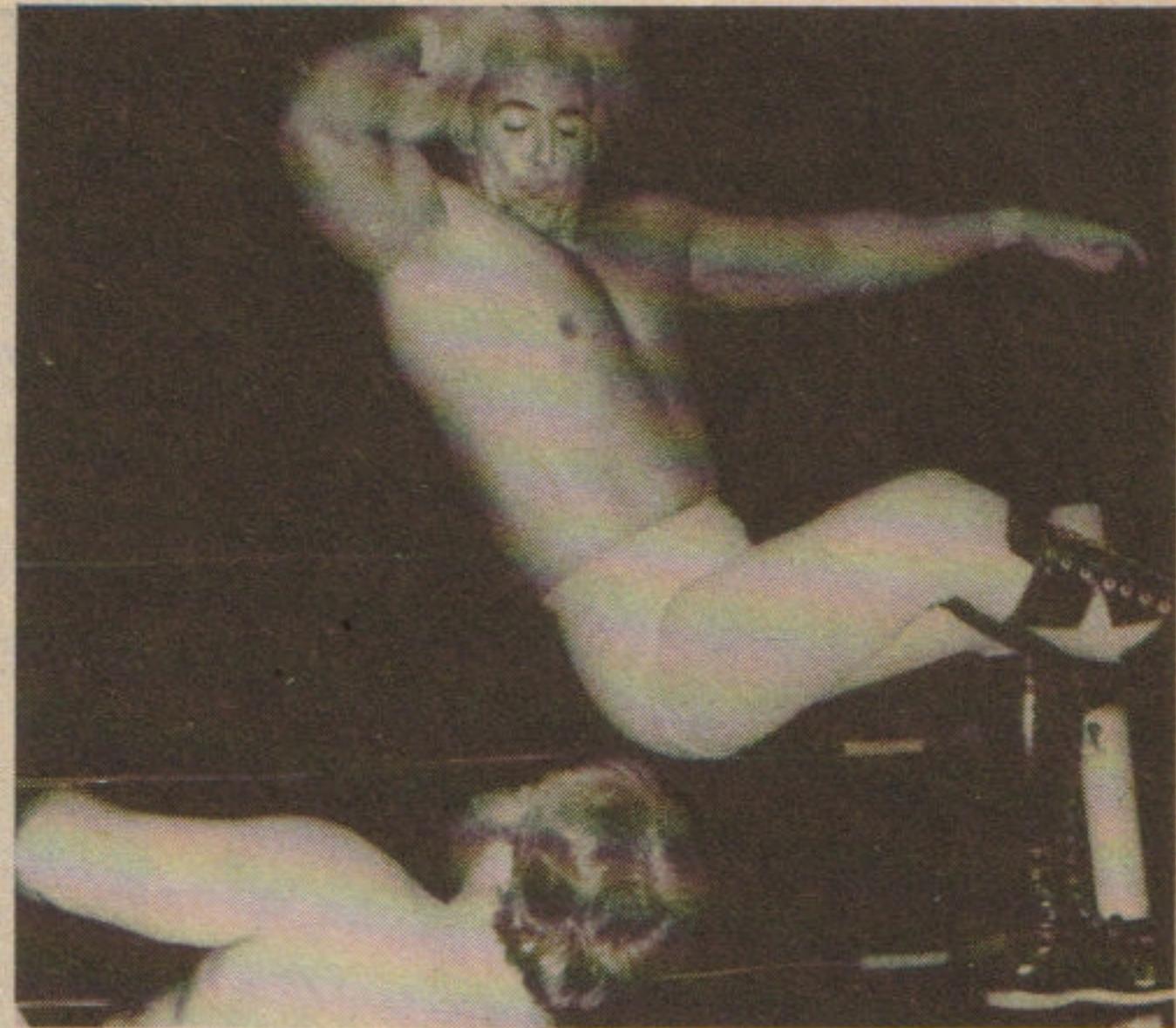
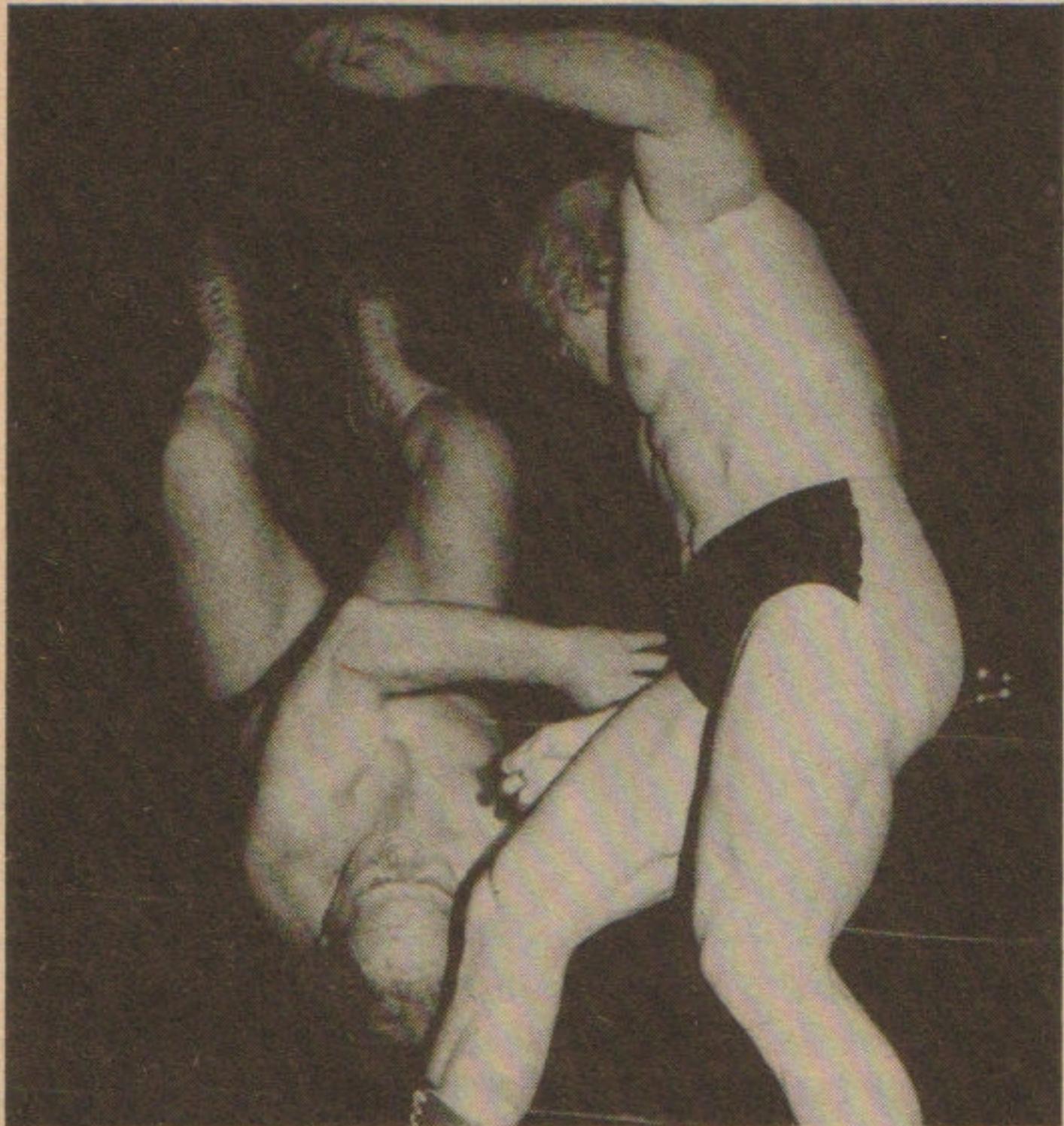
After each team drew straws to determine a first round bye, Taylor and Keirn came out the lucky ones. Robert Fuller armdrags Afa (left). Killer Khan tries to stomp Fuller, but Fuller will move out of range and his attempt will fail. Ron and Stan take the win (above).

STEVE O AND JERRY ROBERTS VS. JOYCE GRABLE AND JUDY MARTIN



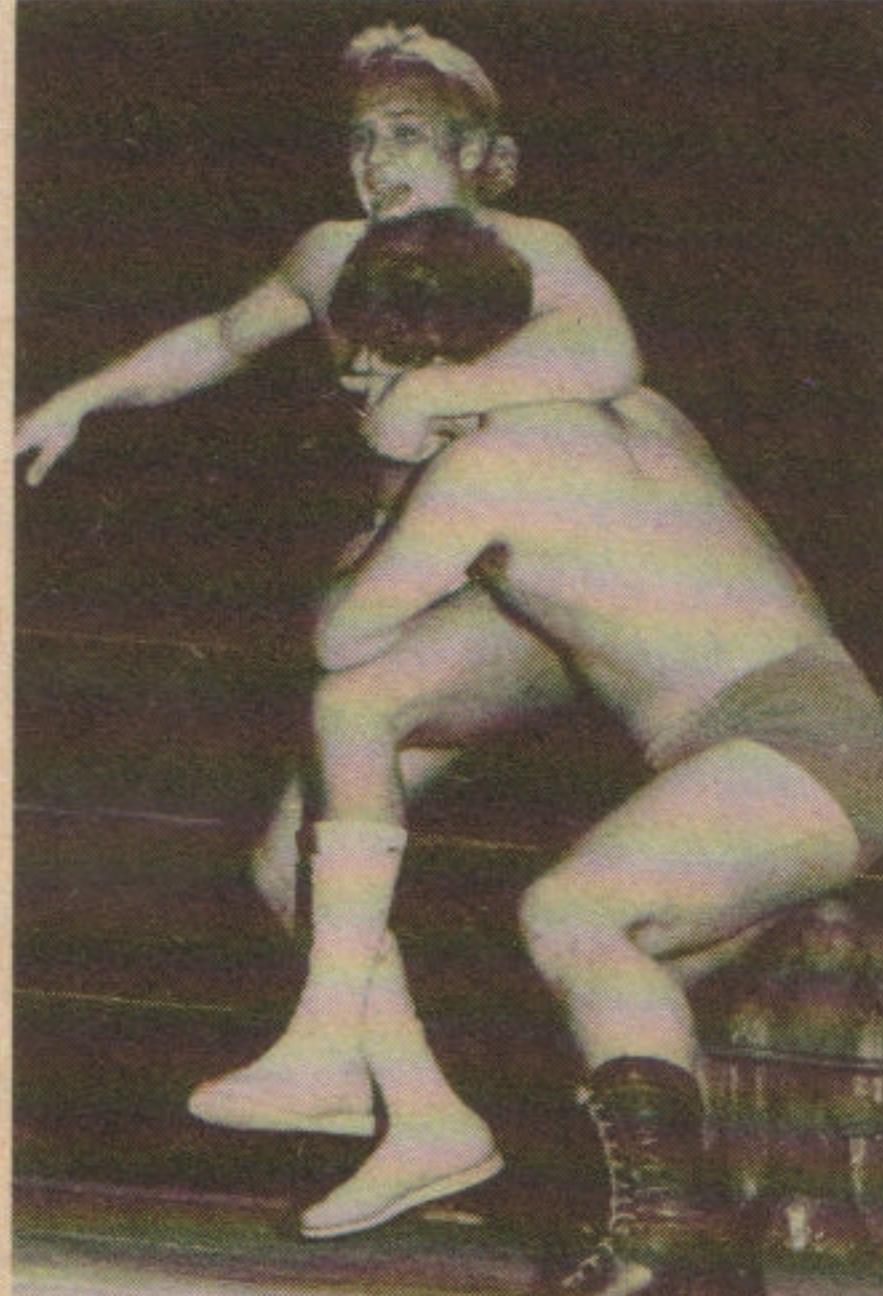
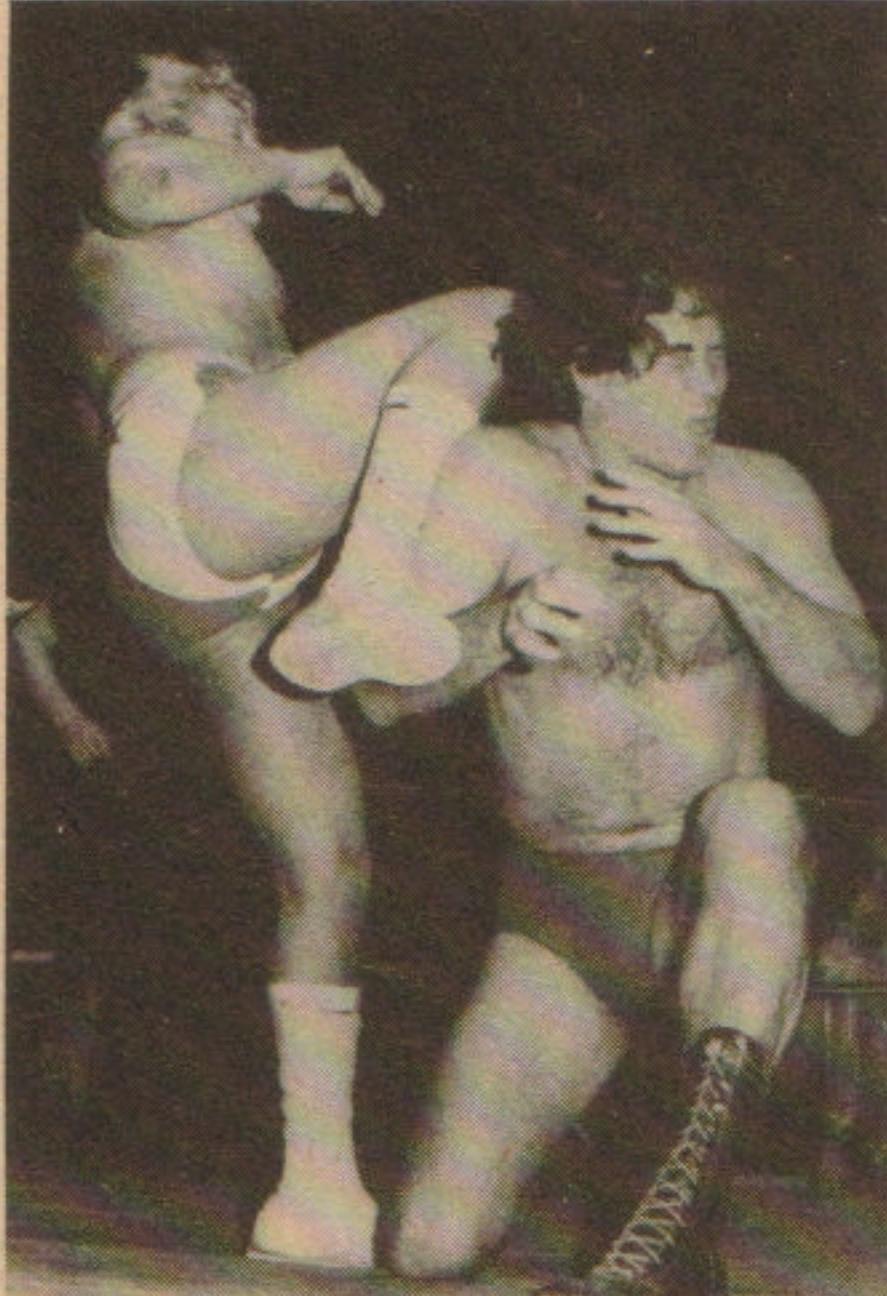
In a very unusual match, Roberts is double-teamed by Martin and Grable (left). Steve O finishes Joyce with a crushing headlock (above). A win for Steve O and Jerry Roberts.

GENE AND OLE ANDERSON VS. AUSTIN IDOL AND KEVIN SULLIVAN



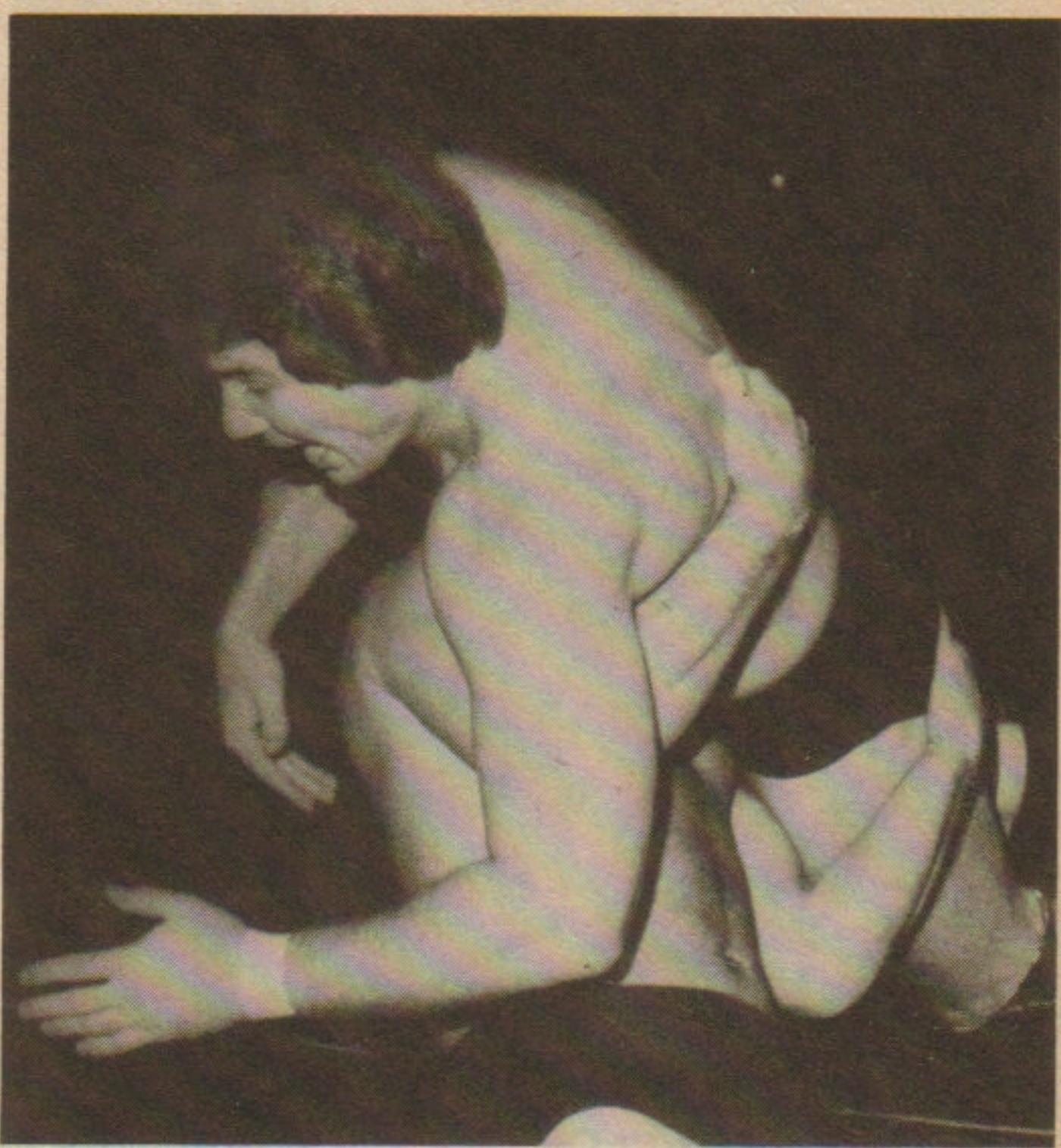
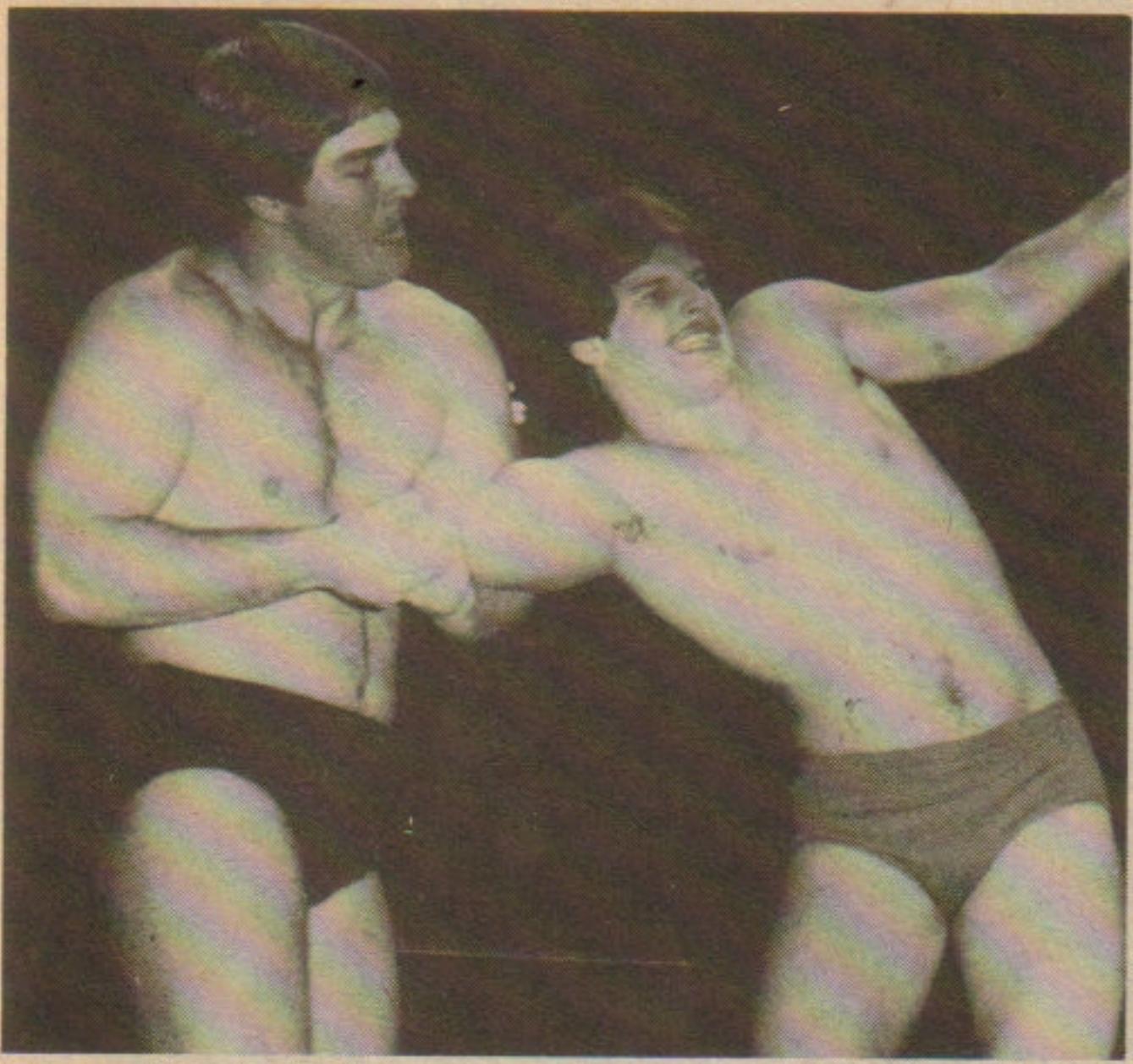
Kevin Sullivan finishes backdropping Gene Anderson (left). Idol uses an elbowsmash to try and destroy Ole (above). Idol and Sullivan lost the round. Shortly after the match, a fist-fight broke out between Sullivan and Idol. Each blamed the other for causing the loss to the Andersons.

THE FABULOUS FREEBIRDS VS. JACK AND JERRY BRISCO



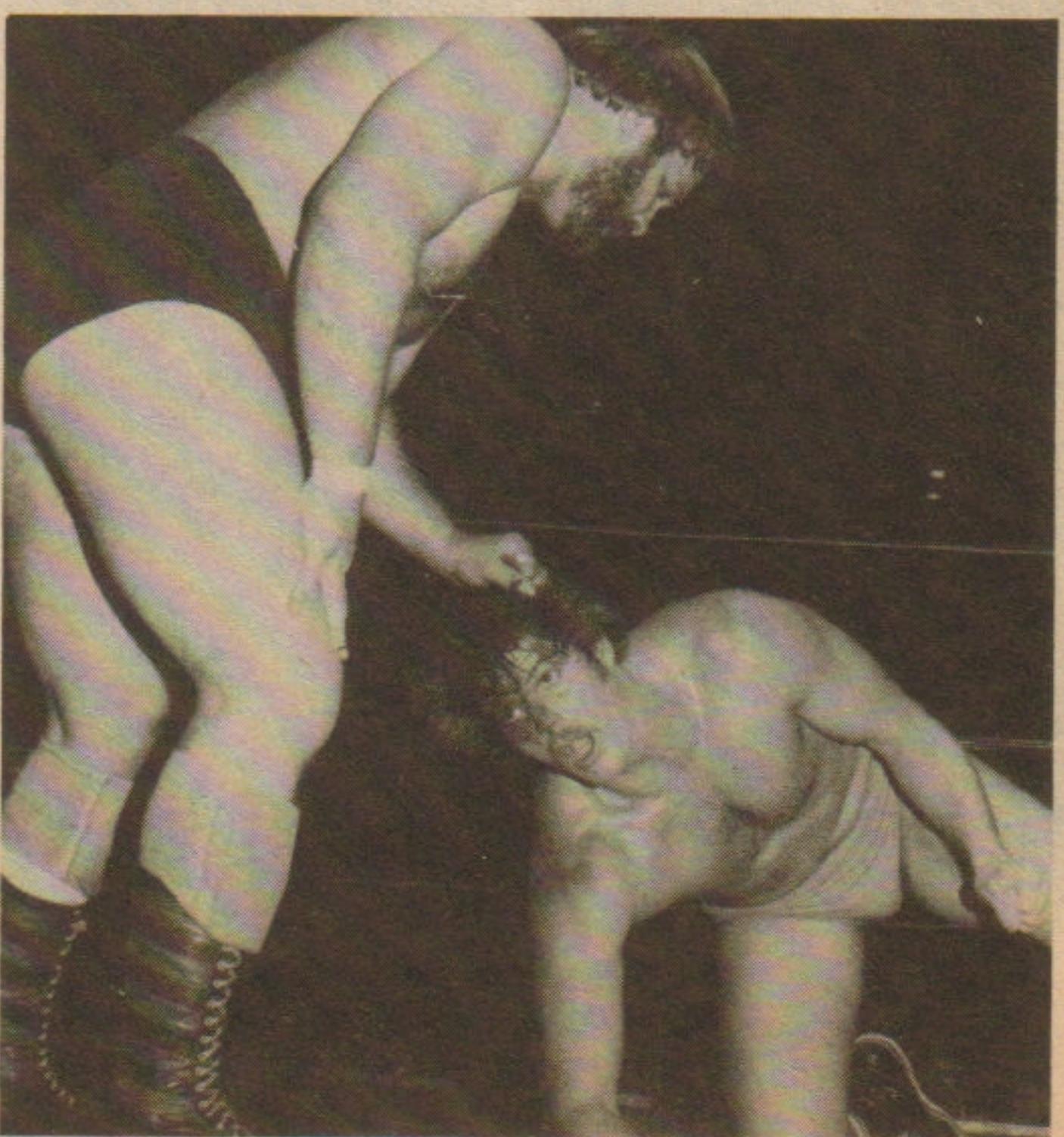
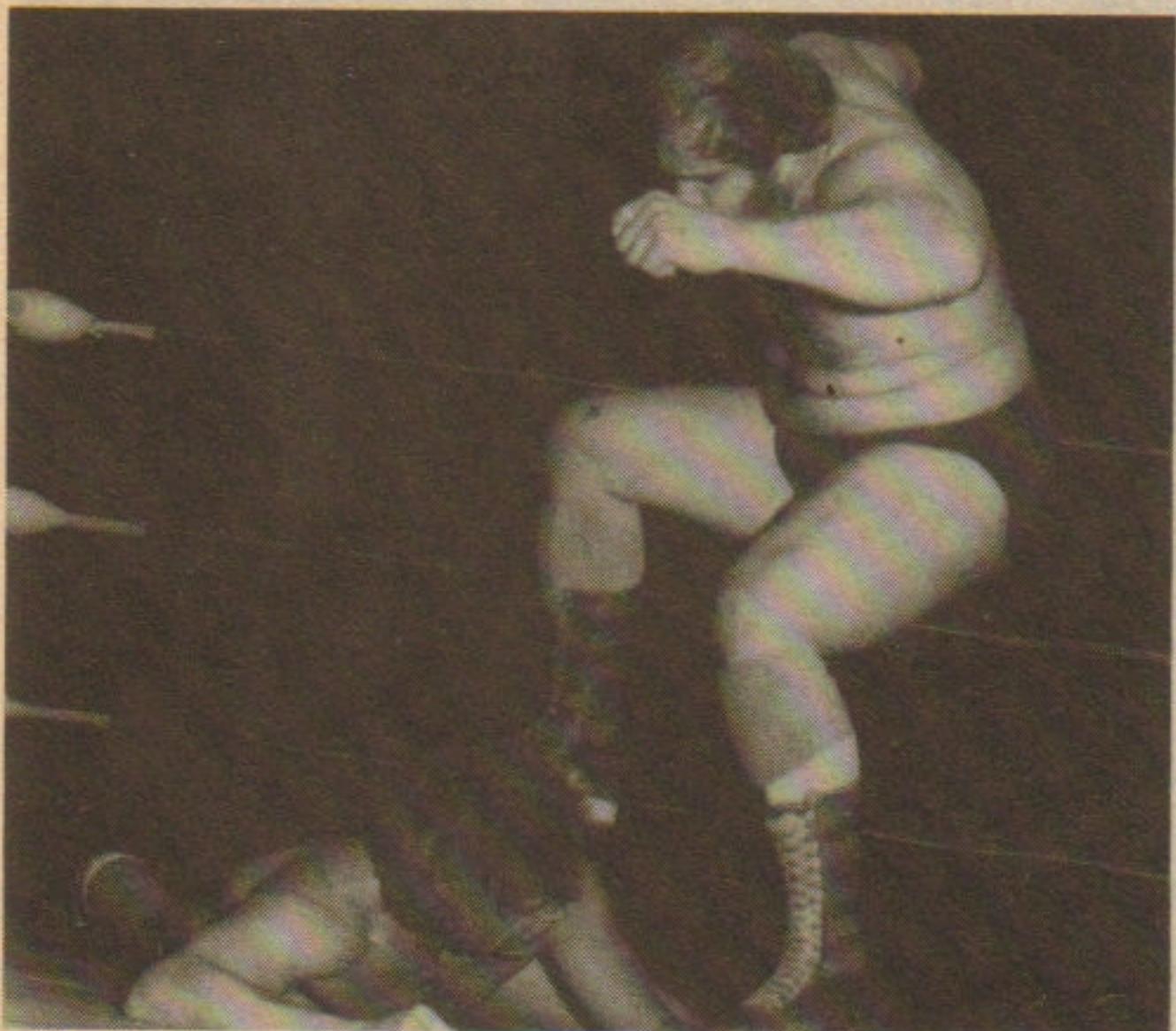
Buddy Roberts smashes his knee into Jack Brisco's head (above left). The force nearly knocks Jack unconscious. Jerry Brisco sends Roberts into the ropes (above). A perfect suplex by Jerry (above right) takes its toll on Roberts but the Briscos fail to take the round.

TERRY TAYLOR AND STEVE KEIRN VS. STEVE O AND JERRY ROBERTS



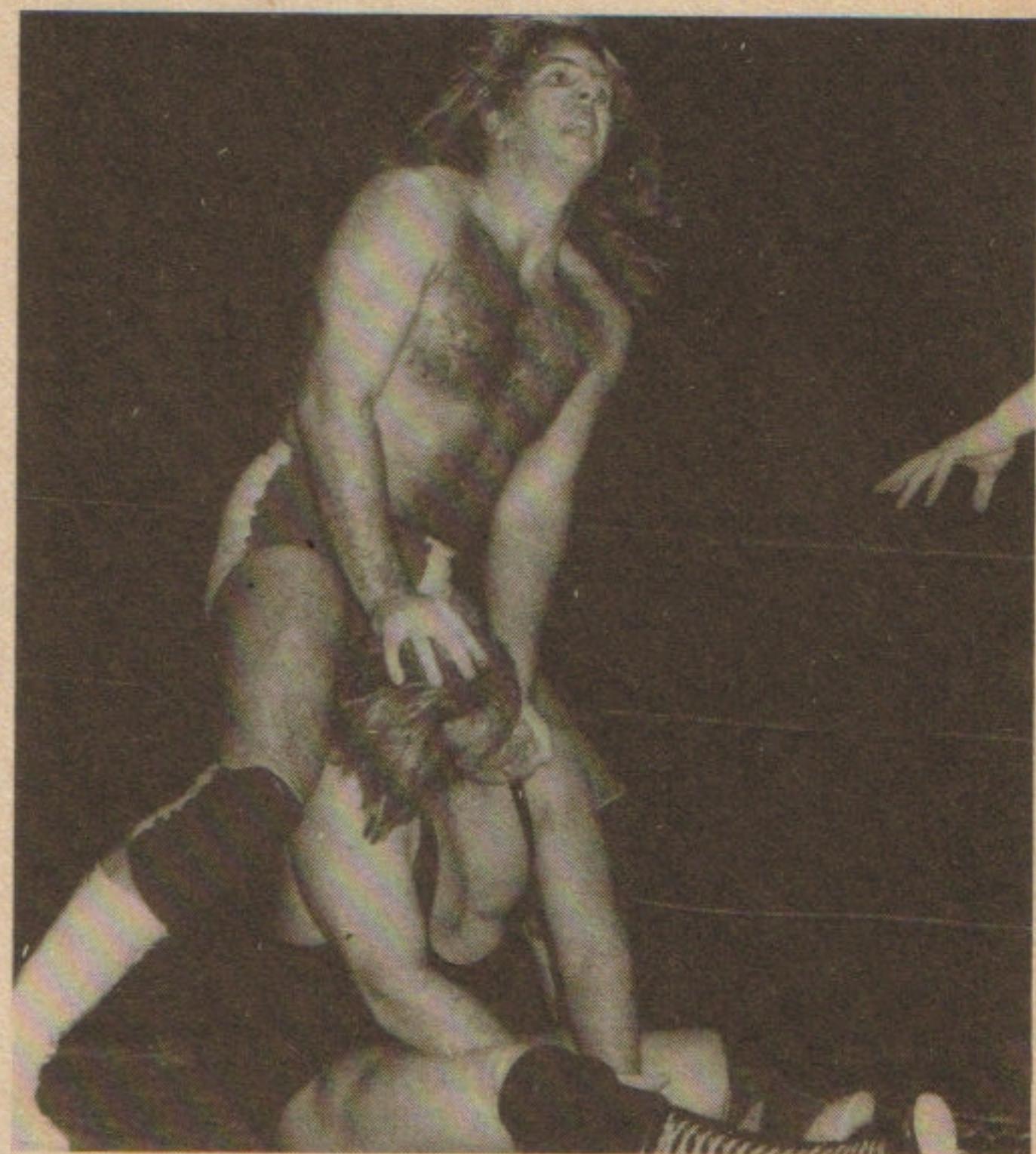
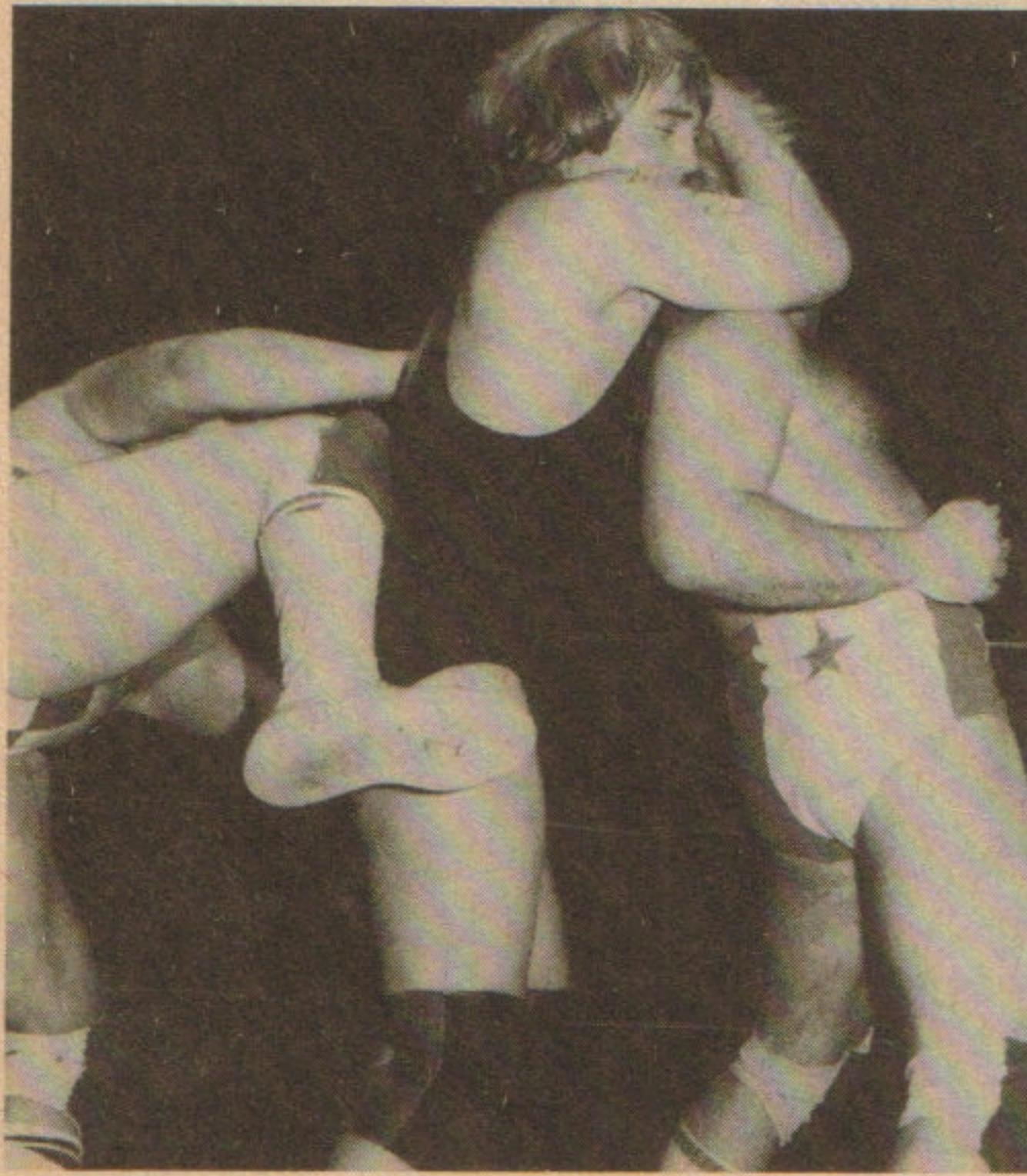
Round two begins. The Freebirds have drawn a bye. Terry locks Jerry Roberts up (above). Off the ropes with a pin attempt, it's Steve O landing on Taylor (right). Taylor and Keirn manage to pull off the win in a great scientific match.

OLE AND GENE ANDERSON VS. ROBERT FULLER AND STAN FRAZIER

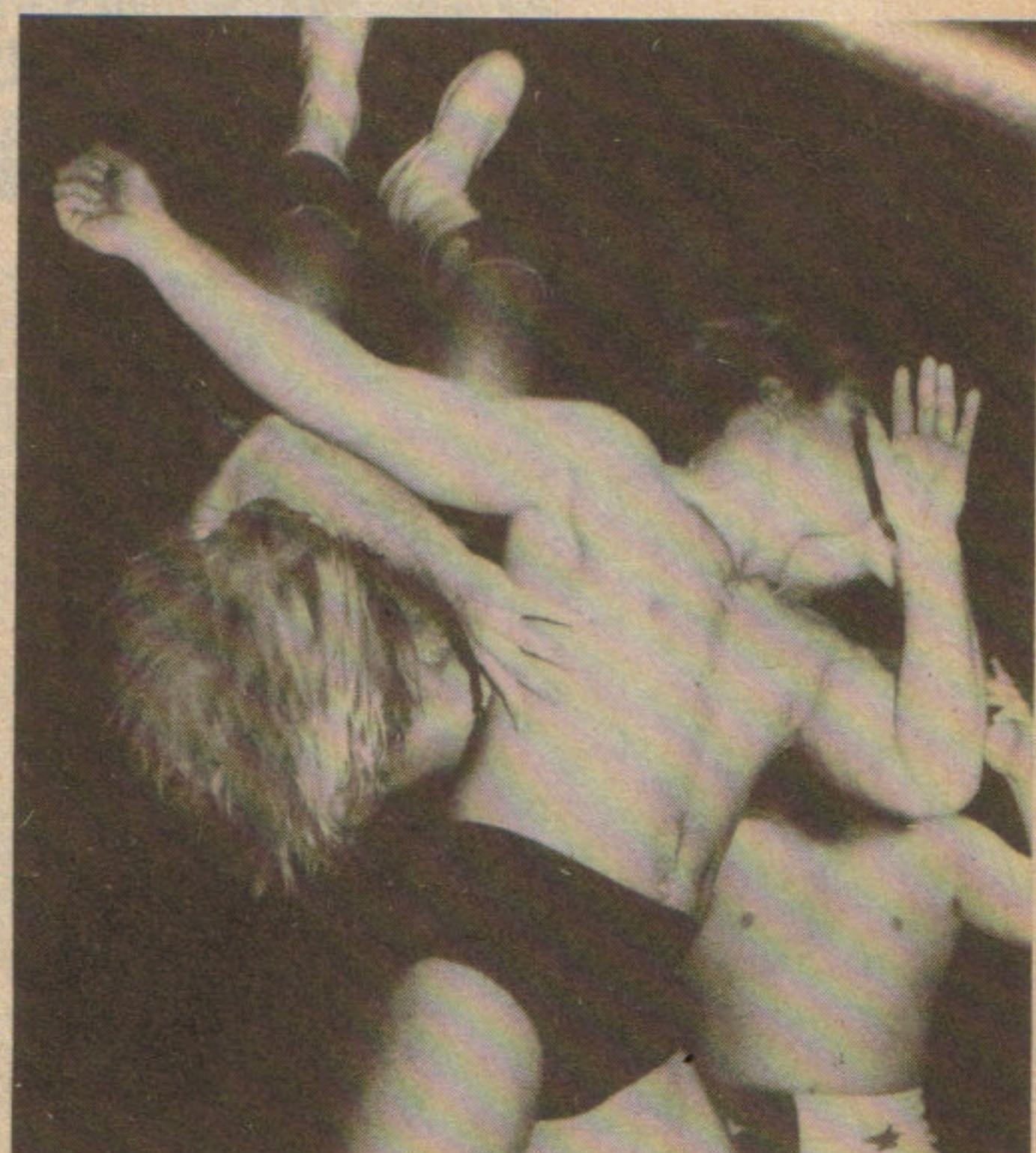
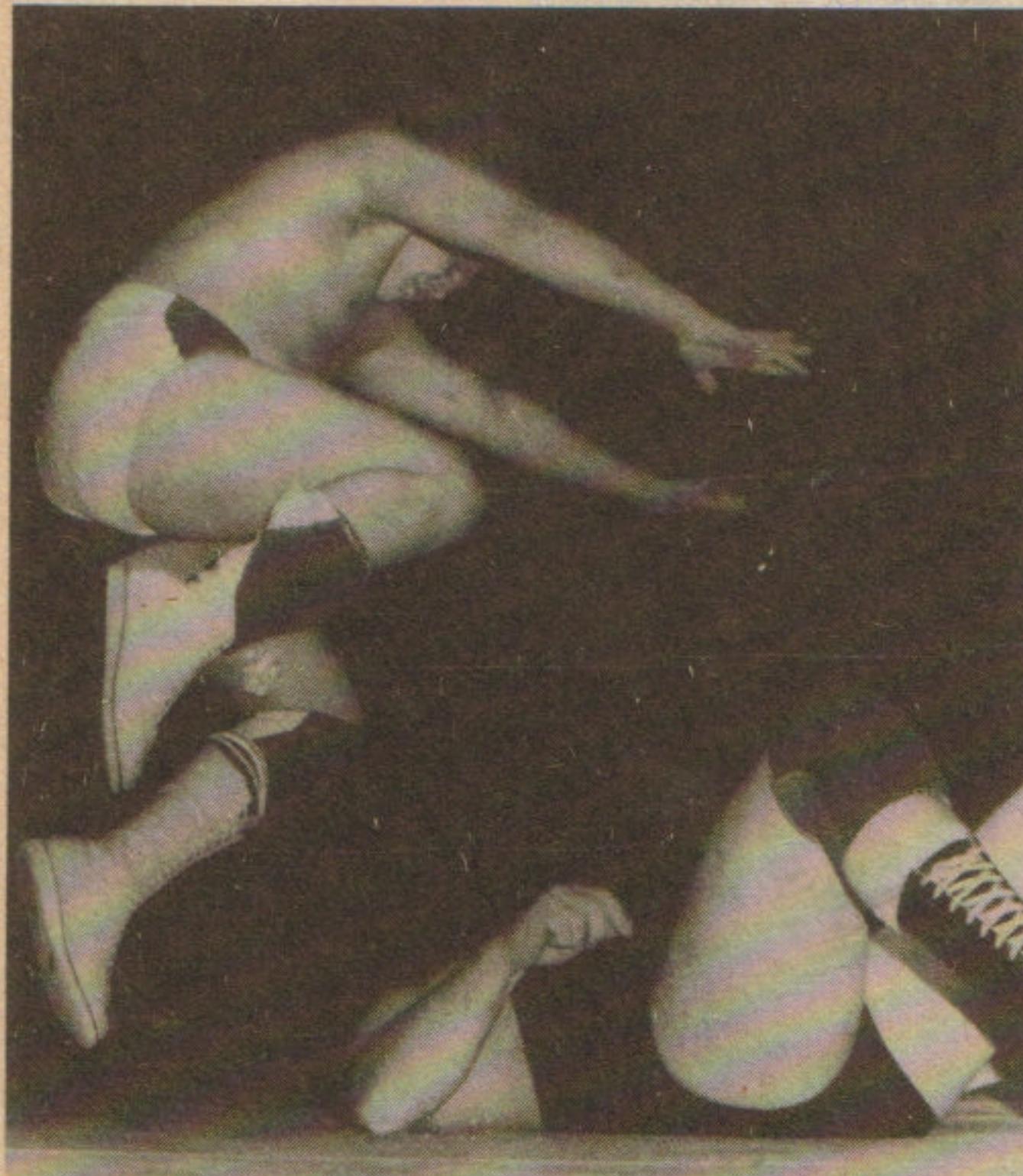


Stomping Robert Fuller (above) and making him bleed (right) was what Ole Anderson did best. But the treatment was not enough to keep Robert and Frazier down. They advanced to the finals.

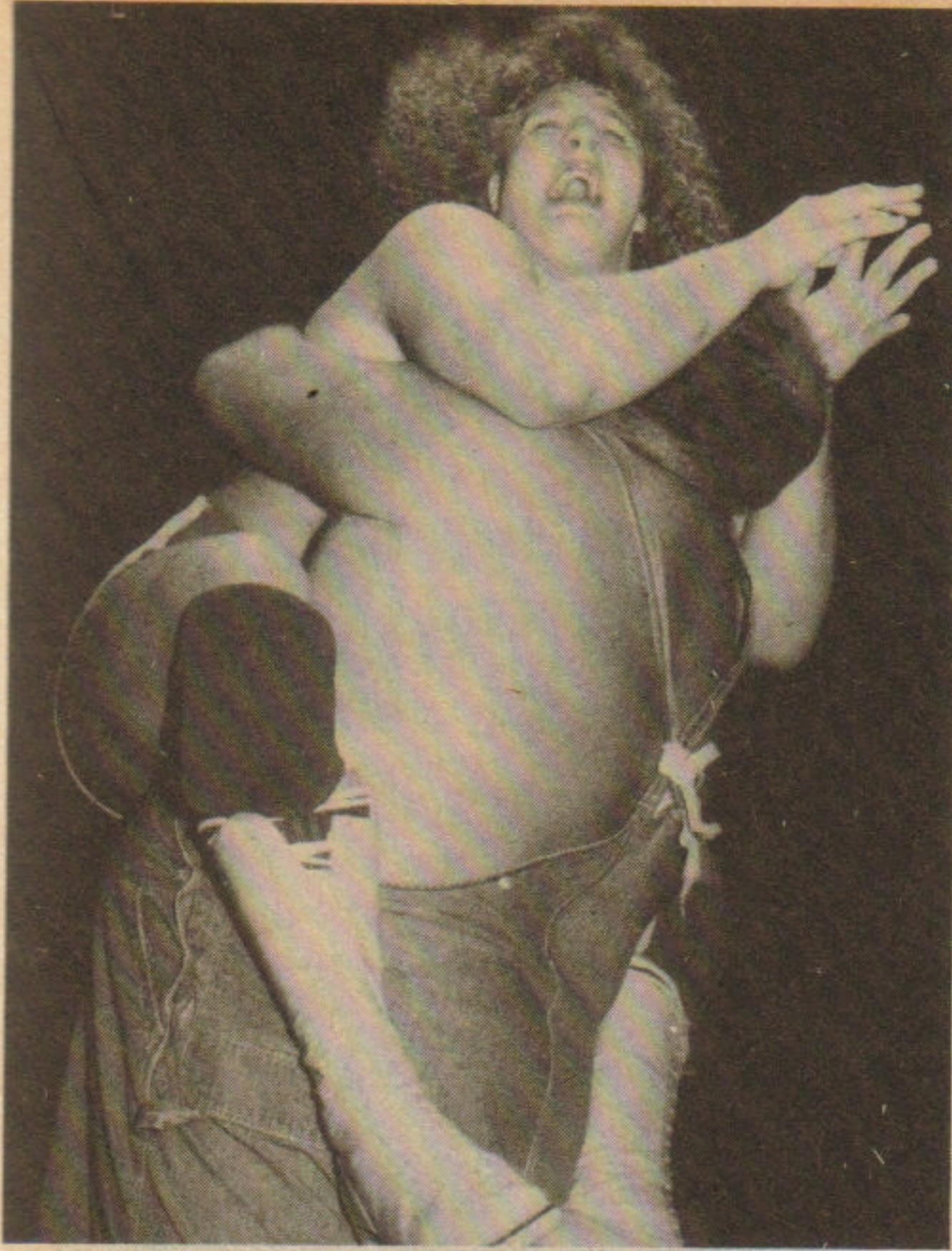
THE FABULOUS FREEBIRDS VS. TERRY TAYLOR AND STEVE KEIRN



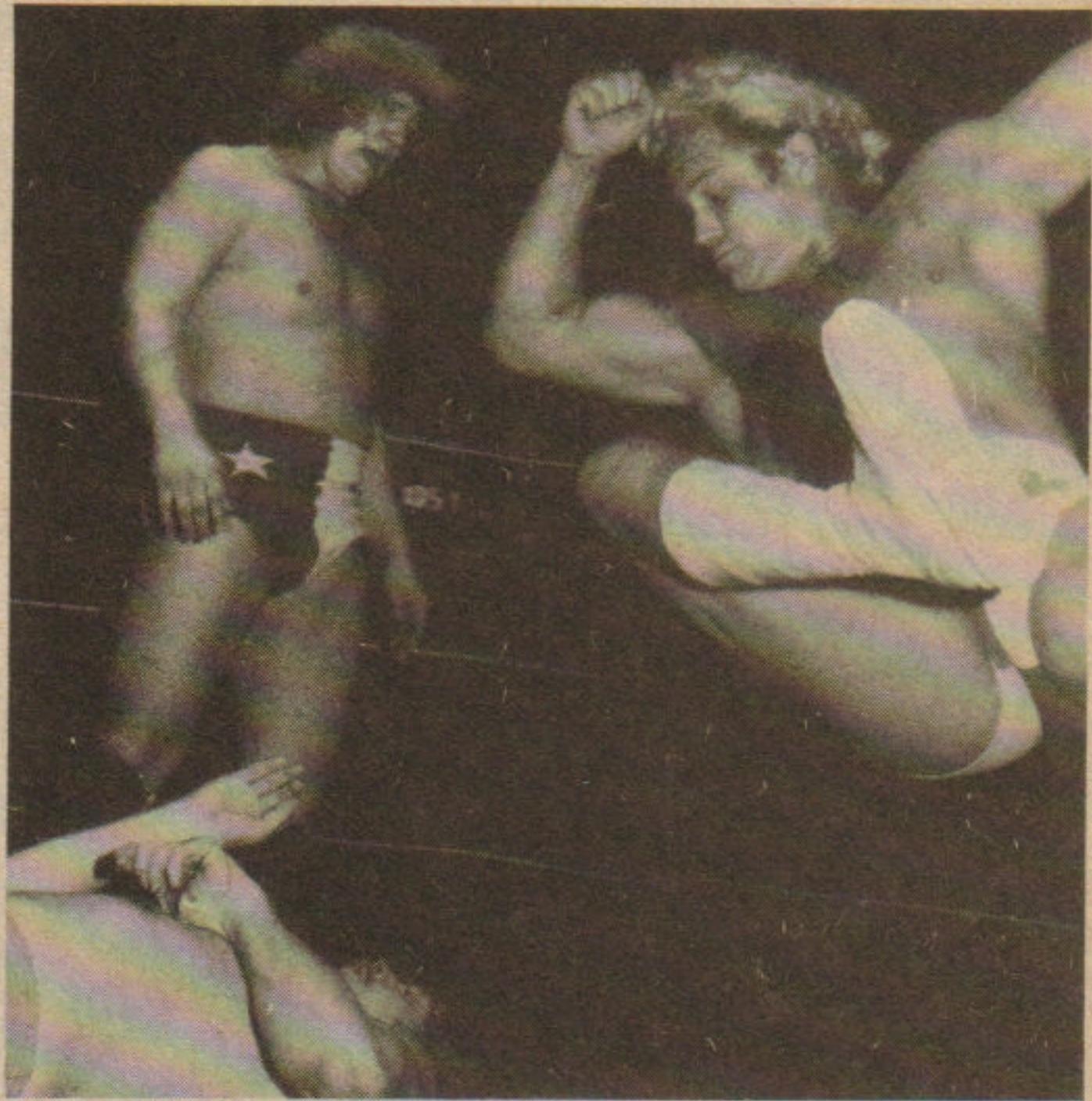
The exciting semifinal match was wild. Keirn has Freebird Hayes in a sleeper but is thwarted by Terry Gordy's knee (above left). Hayes tries to break Steve's neck (above right). Double-teaming finally takes its toll on Steve.



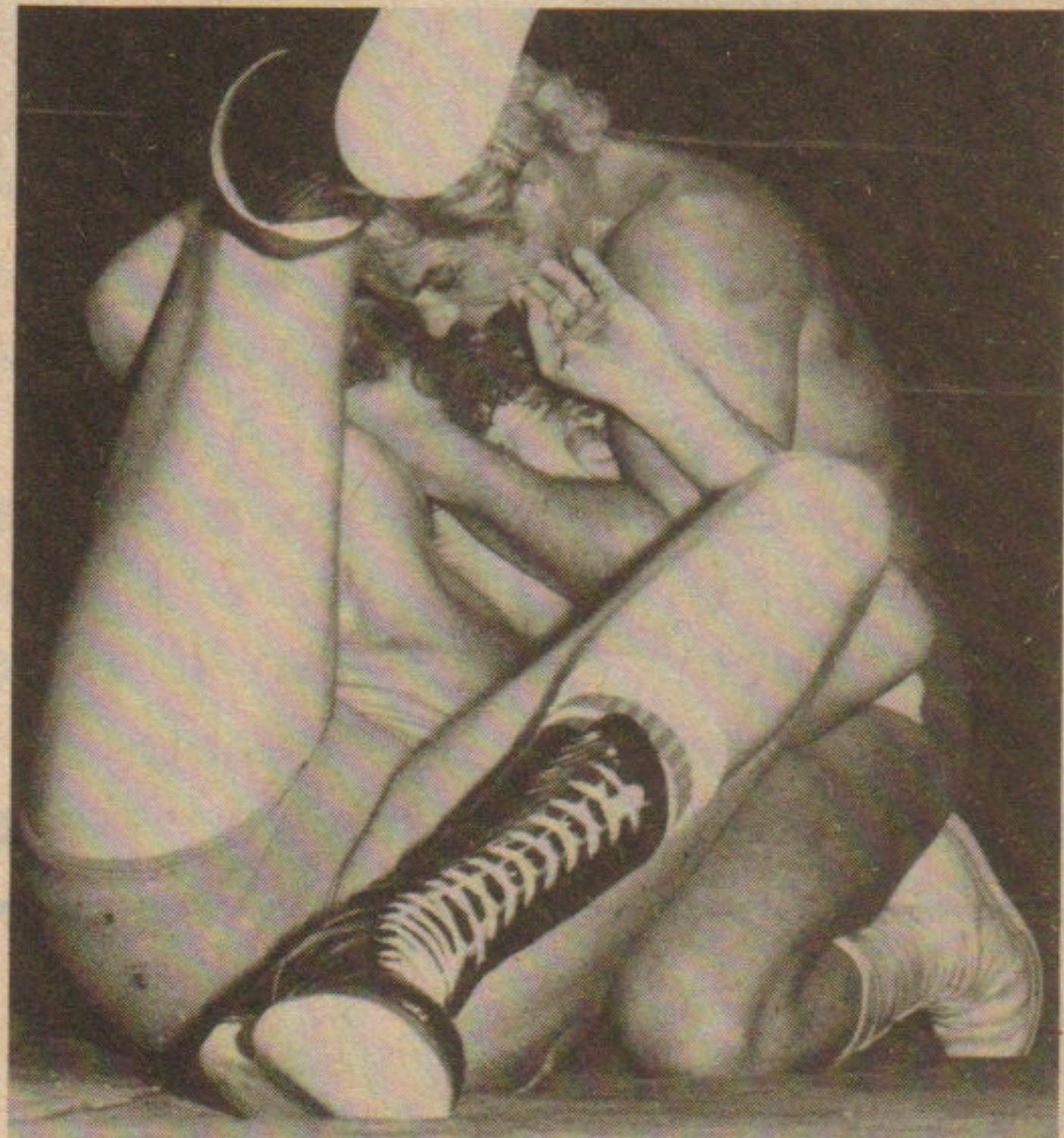
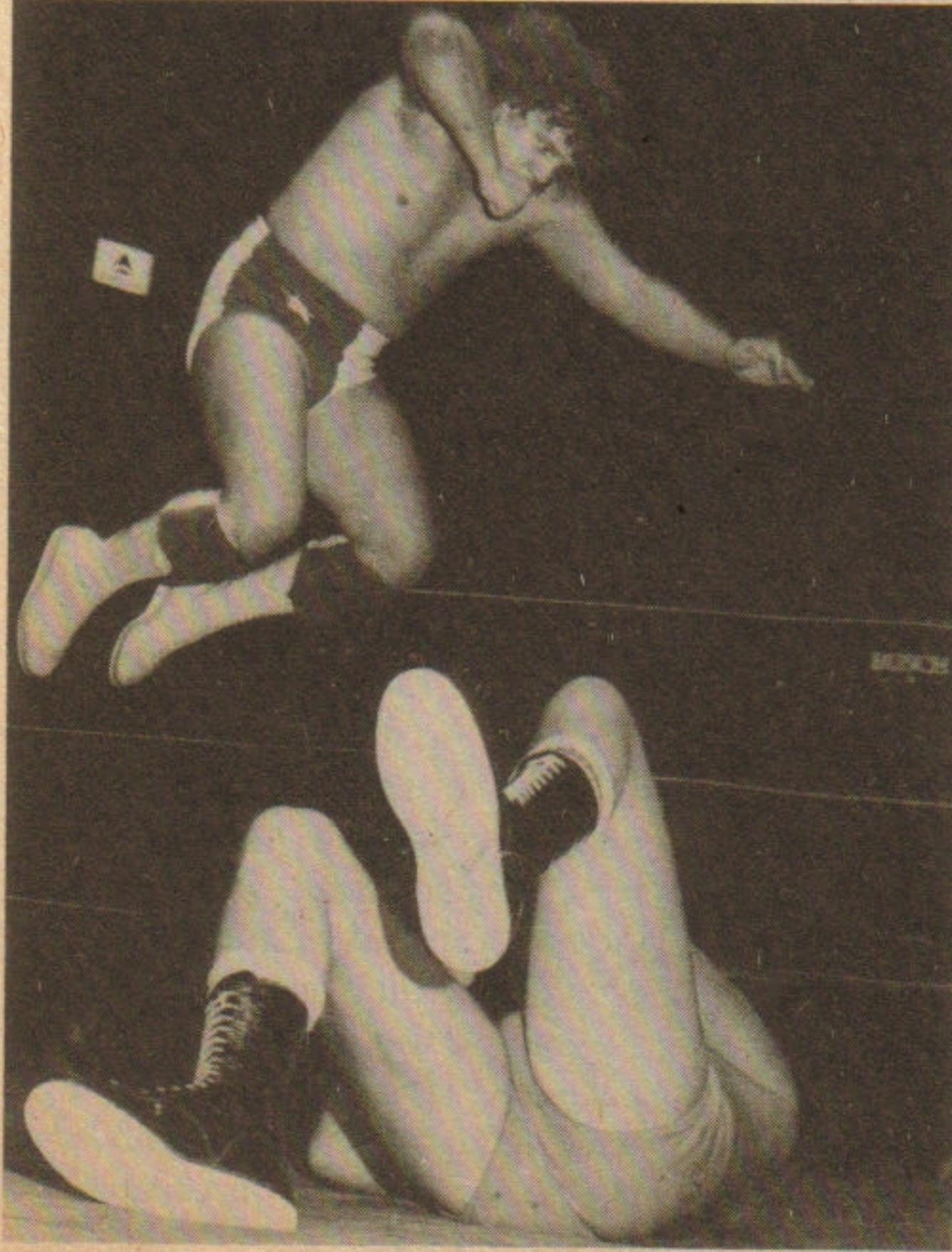
With Keirn in a weakened state, Gordy takes advantage (above left) and comes crashing down, knee first, on Keirn's windpipe. Up and over: Terry tries a last minute attempt to win, by backdropping Hayes (above right), but the attempt is futile as The Freebirds win.



Big Stan Frazier bearhugs the breath out of Gordy (left). Gordy will rake Stan's eyes, forcing a break. An exhausted Gordy heads back to his corner as Roberts elbowsmashes Fuller (below).



THE FABULOUS FREEBIRDS VS. STAN FRAZIER AND ROBERT FULLER



Off the ropes with a flying smash (left), Gordy is about to connect with Fuller's head. Roberts bites Fuller's forehead open. Moments later The Freebirds are the winners.

THE MOONDODGS PLAY "RUFF"



Exactly what are The Moondogs? Are they human? Are they canine? Are they some warped creation of a diabolical scientist? No one is certain what sort of lifeform this newest Captain Lou Albano discovery might be. But one thing is certain: The Moondogs are very, very dangerous

By Matt Brock

WHAT THE DEVIL is going on in this sport of mine? Now through the years I've seen some pretty bizarre goings-on inside that squared circle. I've seen

gory massacres, seen careers ended, seen some genuinely weird men trickle in and out of the ropes.

But never have I witnessed anything quite as strange as The Moondogs, Captain Lou Albano's

newest presentation to the WWF fans. To decipher where the Moondogs came from and what they are required some pretty heavy investigative reporting. Unfortunately, I hit a dead end on almost every occasion.

First, I made the mistake of interviewing the Captain.

"They're the best, Brock, the best you ever saw, the best I ever had, they're mean, cruel, tough, vicious, yap and ya, they can fetch, play dead, roll over, they're smart, they guard the Albano house, they keep away the burglars, the thugs, the drunks, the bums, so watch out Brock what you write because I'll sic 'em on you."

I did resent being categorized with burglars. Last thing I stole was a beer mug from this tavern in Des Moines. But that's another story and there are innocent people's reputations to protect.

Then I tried to speak to the Moondogs themselves.

Needless to say, that didn't bear much fruit. One tried to bite my fingers off and the other mistook my umbrella for a bone. I tried to maintain my flagging dignity in the course of the interview. I would transcribe the tape of that interview in this article, but you could hear the same dialogue in any kennel.

That led me to ponder three possible explanations for the Moondogs. Are they simply demented humans with a canine fetish? Are they innocent victims of same diabolical Albano scene? Or are they genuinely half-human, half-dog?

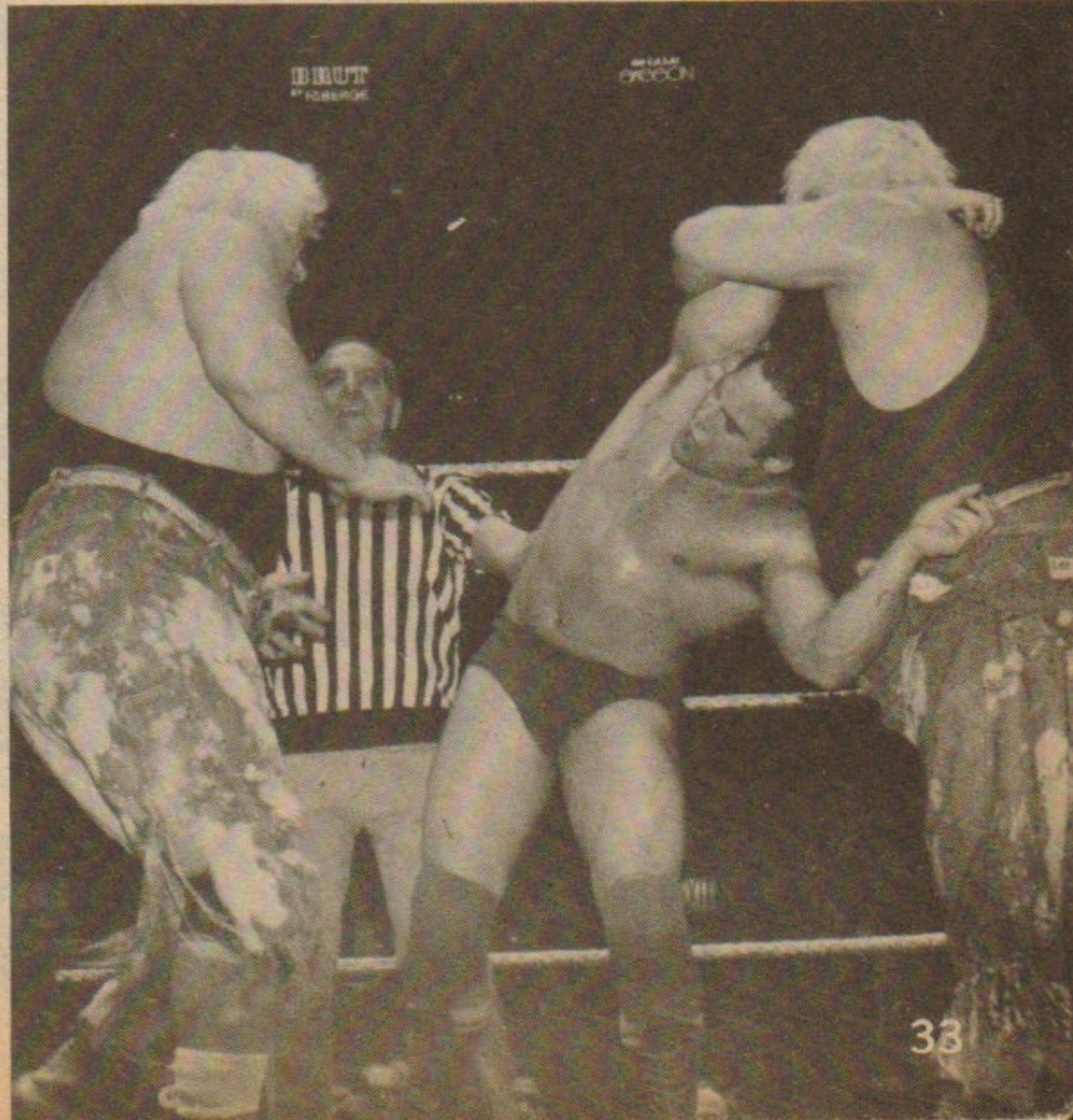
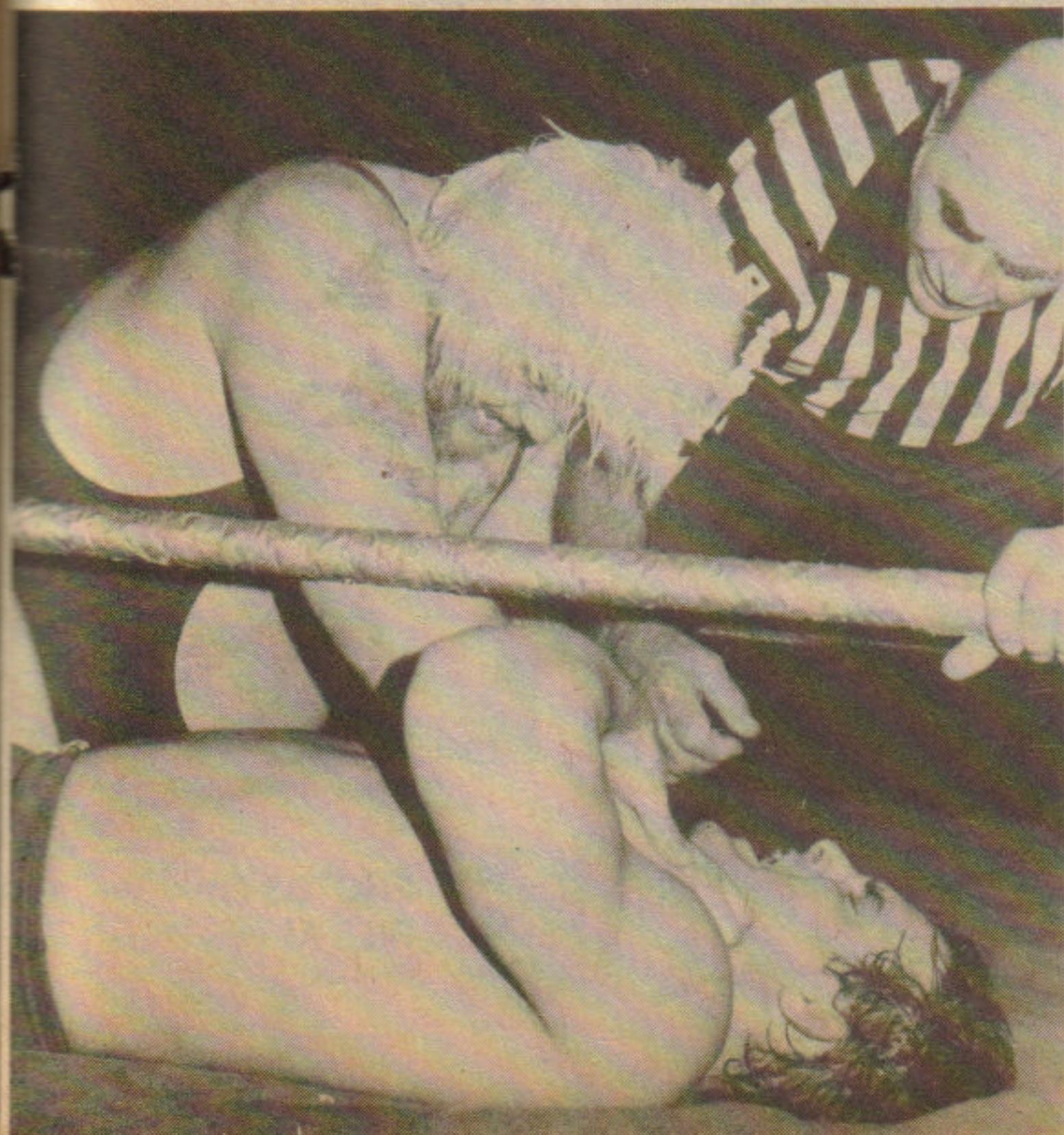
As regards the first possibility, I consulted a noted animal psychologist, Dr. Jordan Pearlman.

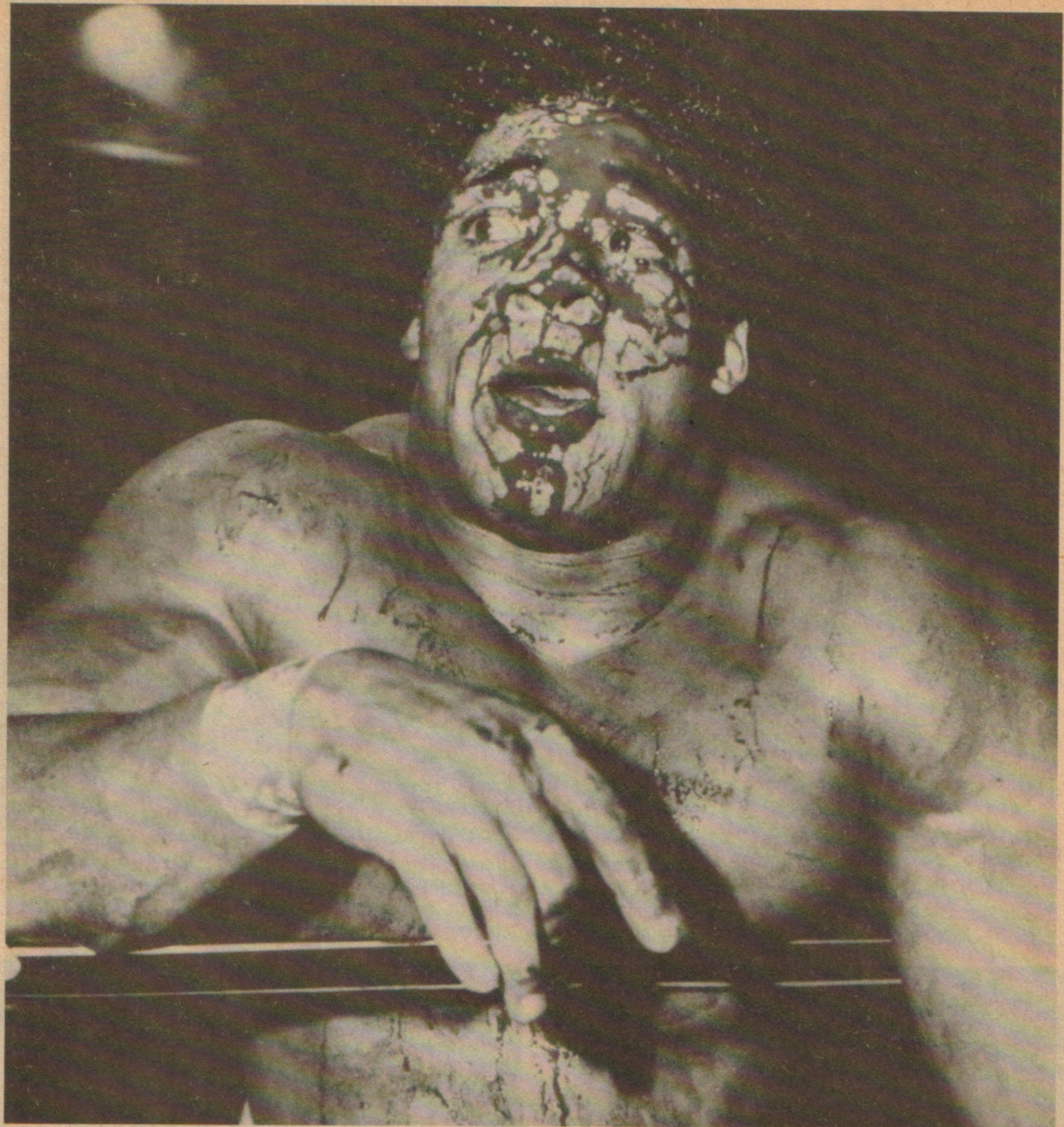
"I have observed peculiar animal behavior in my long and vast experience as an animal psychologist," said Dr. Pearlman. "I have seen the most abhorrent of

(Continued on page 56)



The Moondogs are extremely sensitive to the taunts of the crowd. One of The Moondogs barks at the crowd while the other concentrates on the opponents (above). The Moondogs listen to no one but Lou Albano. The referees try but cannot stop them from choking (below left) and double-teaming Rick McGraw (below right).





THE INJURY THAT COST TONY ATLAS THE NWA TITLE

**PHOTOS BY
BILL APTER**

He had waited so very long for this moment. All his life, Tony Atlas worked, struggled, and planned for the one night he could challenge Harley Race for the NWA title. Fresh off a stunning victory over Dennis Condrey for the Georgia title, Atlas expected to dethrone the long-time champion. Instead, the night ended in tragedy



Georgia champion Tony Atlas (left) was severely hampered by torn ligaments when he battled NWA king Harley Race (right).

wrong.

Only two people in the arena knew what was wrong. Earlier in the week, during a workout, Tony had torn a ligament in his left thigh. It hurt to take a step. The leg couldn't extend or raise. By rights, Tony should never have been allowed to wrestle.

"The fans came to see me," Tony had said earlier that day. "I can't disappoint them. I won't be at my best, but I'll have a chance. As long as there's a possibility for victory, I've got to wrestle. The fans are counting on me. I owe it to them."

Tony had hoped Race wouldn't learn of the torn ligament. At least, Harley wouldn't have any previous strategy designed to take advantage of the injury. Yet, when Tony crawled through the ropes, he knew the worst. One look at Harley's sneer told him that NWA champion Race knew. Tony shook



his head sadly. He realized then that it's impossible to keep a secret from a champion.

Race had known for days. The informal network of stooges that regularly report to him had learned the news. They immediately told Race, hoping to earn the champion's favor. As Race has often said, "One of the nice things about being champion is that people will do anything for you in the hopes you can do something for them. You never have to do anything, but they keep on hoping."

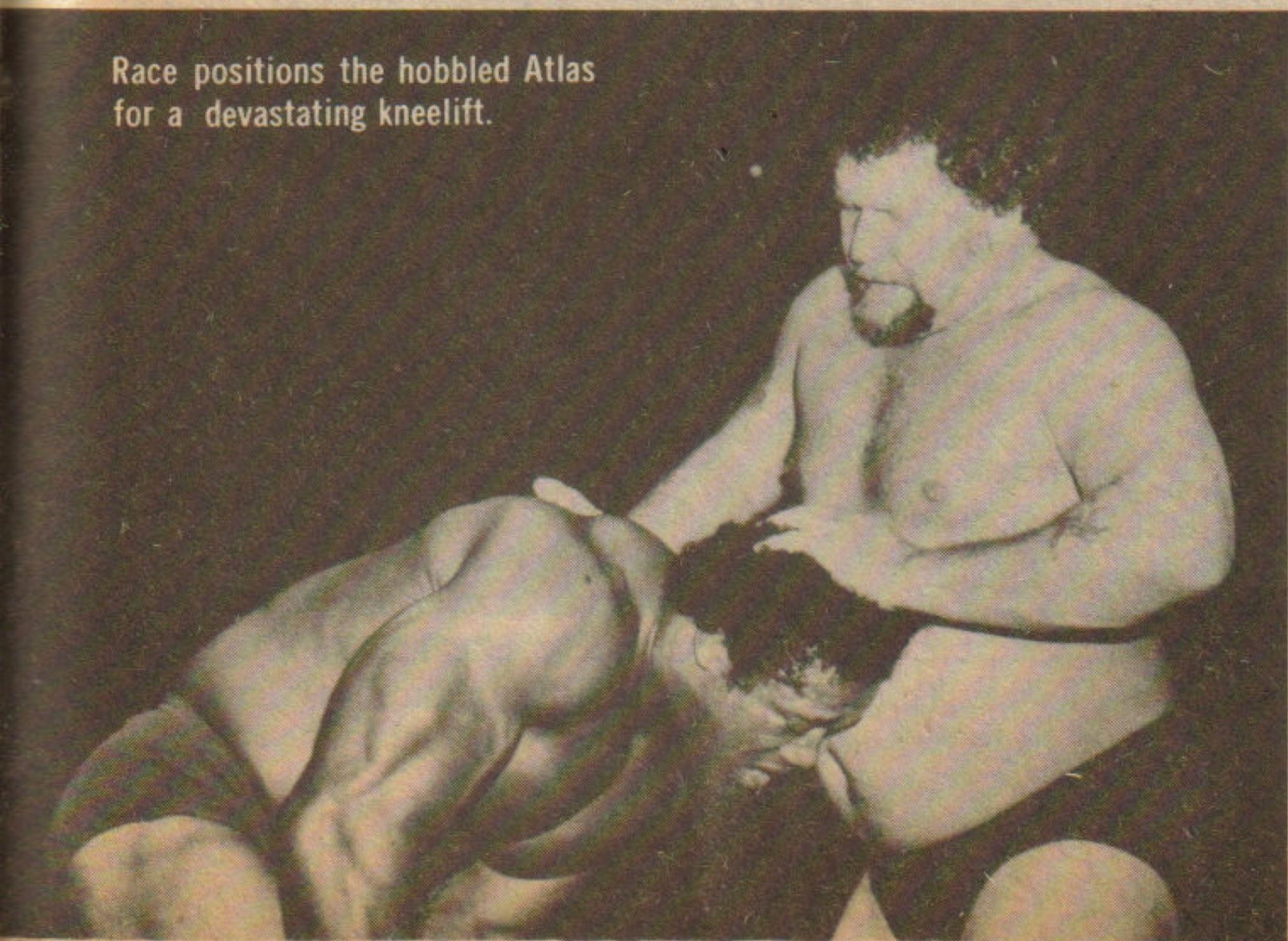
After he learned the news, Race's veteran cunning worked overtime. He devised the cruelest strategies imaginable. He would make Tony think it would be better to have his leg cut off. Almost every movement would put the injured limb in agony. When it comes to professional savagery, Race has no equal.

And so, that night, Harley Race expected to enjoy a massacre. As the introductions were being made, Tony stared at Race and knew the champion was ready for him. Up

THE SNEER SPREADING across Harley Race's face went largely unnoticed by the crowd. Their attention was focused on Tony Atlas entering the arena.

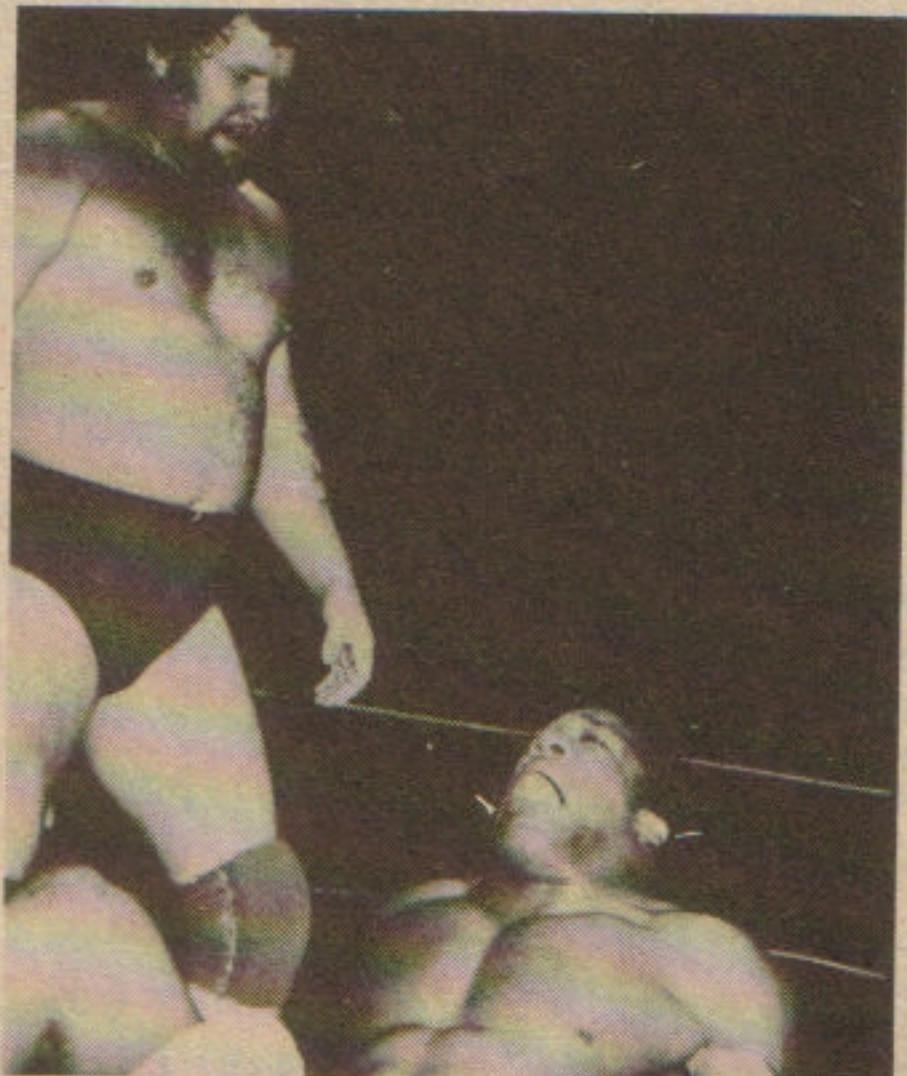
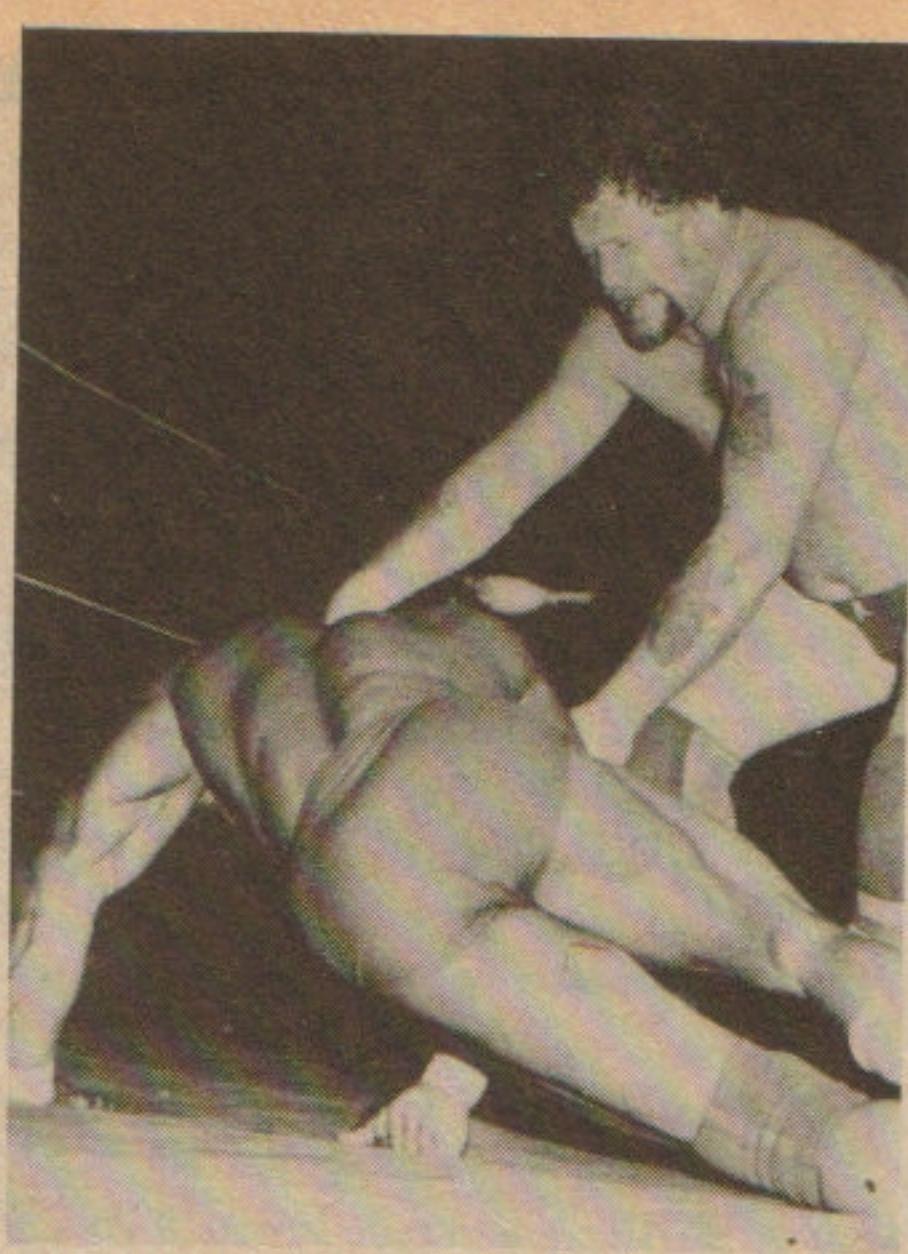
Their cheers were not as loud as usual. There was confusion in their voices as they watched Tony hobble down the aisle. The panther stride was gone. Tony's walk was clumsy, labored. Something was

Race positions the hobbled Atlas for a devastating kneelift.





Atlas' knee gives way as he hoists Race above his head (above left). Atlas tries to get to his feet, but his legs fail to support his weight (top right). Atlas is unable to conceal his injury as the pain is too great. As most anybody in his situation would, Race takes advantage of his disabled opponent (above right). Unable to defend himself as he should, Atlas' forehead was opened up by repeated blows by the champion (below). Atlas can only hope for another title shot when he is healthy.



until the bell rang, Tony had every right to call off the match. Any man ruled by his intelligence would have fled the ring. Tony is ruled by pride. Bravely, perhaps foolishly, he stayed.

The match began. Race wrestled with terrifying efficiency. The brilliance of his maneuvers resulted in the most horrifying agony. Tony twisted and contorted in the hopeless effort of trying to protect his leg. Race's assault was relentless. Tony's defense was pitiful.

After the match, Tony would explain what happened next as, "When you ain't got nothing,

you've got nothing to lose." That doesn't begin to describe the reckless fury with which he suddenly attacked Race. Somehow controlling his crippling agony, Tony rushed awkwardly at Race, trapping the champion in a corner.

From that moment on, the match turned into a brawl. Smashing Race repeatedly, Tony turned Harley's face into a scarlet mask of blood. His powerful arms lashed at Race, and Harley's legs went rubbery. It looked like the champion was doomed.

Race is his most cunning when most desperate. His knee snapped forward, smacking Tony in the torn ligament. The rush of agony stunned the challenger. Race lashed out again, this time opening a huge gash across Tony's forehead. Now both men were gory warriors.

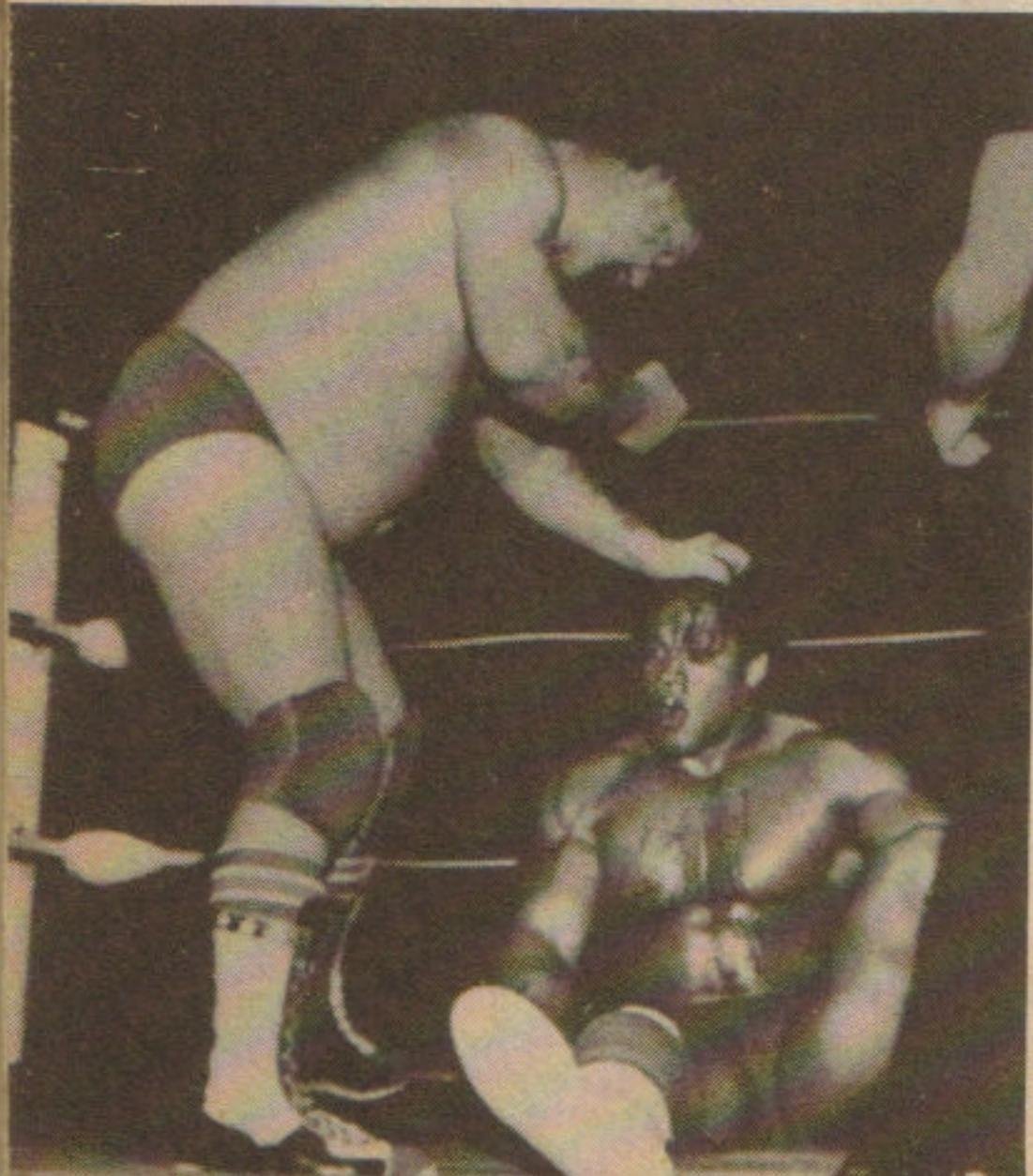
Tony recovered quickly and resumed his attack. Race fell to the mat and Tony was atop him. He worked on Race's cuts, opening the wounds until blood poured. It was a sickening exhibition of wrestling brutality.

In this kind of match, however, Race is truly king. Never losing control, never giving in to pain or fear, Race struggled back. He did everything right, if you can ever consider savaging an opponent as doing something right. Both men were battering each other into senselessness.

Finally, mercifully, the referee ordered the match stopped. He declared the match a draw by double disqualification, and no one could argue. Everybody was happy the ordeal had ended.

Tony barely made it back to the dressing room. His leg couldn't support him; it trembled and buckled at the slightest pressure. It's a testament to his courage that he could finish the match.

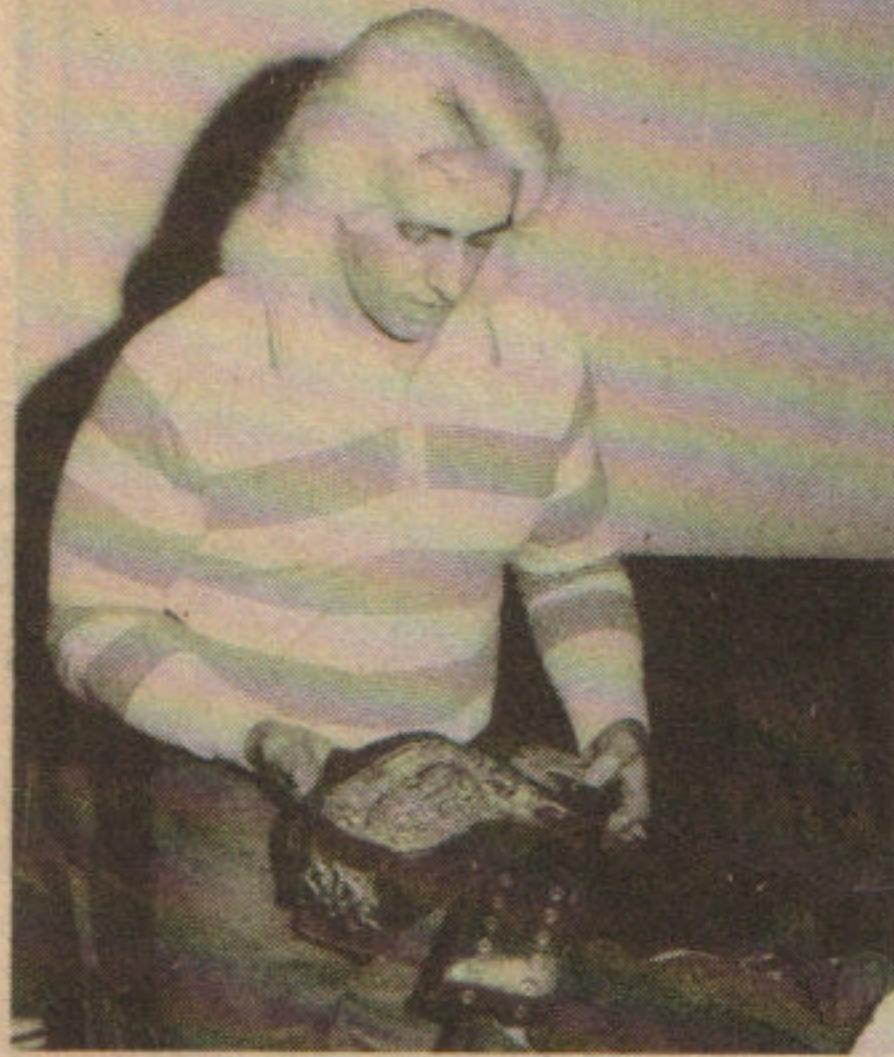
Still, Harley Race retained his championship. That's all the man wanted. The agony he suffered was nothing compared to the agony of losing his title. □



SECRET CAMERA REVEALS WHAT GOES ON BEFORE THE MATCHES START



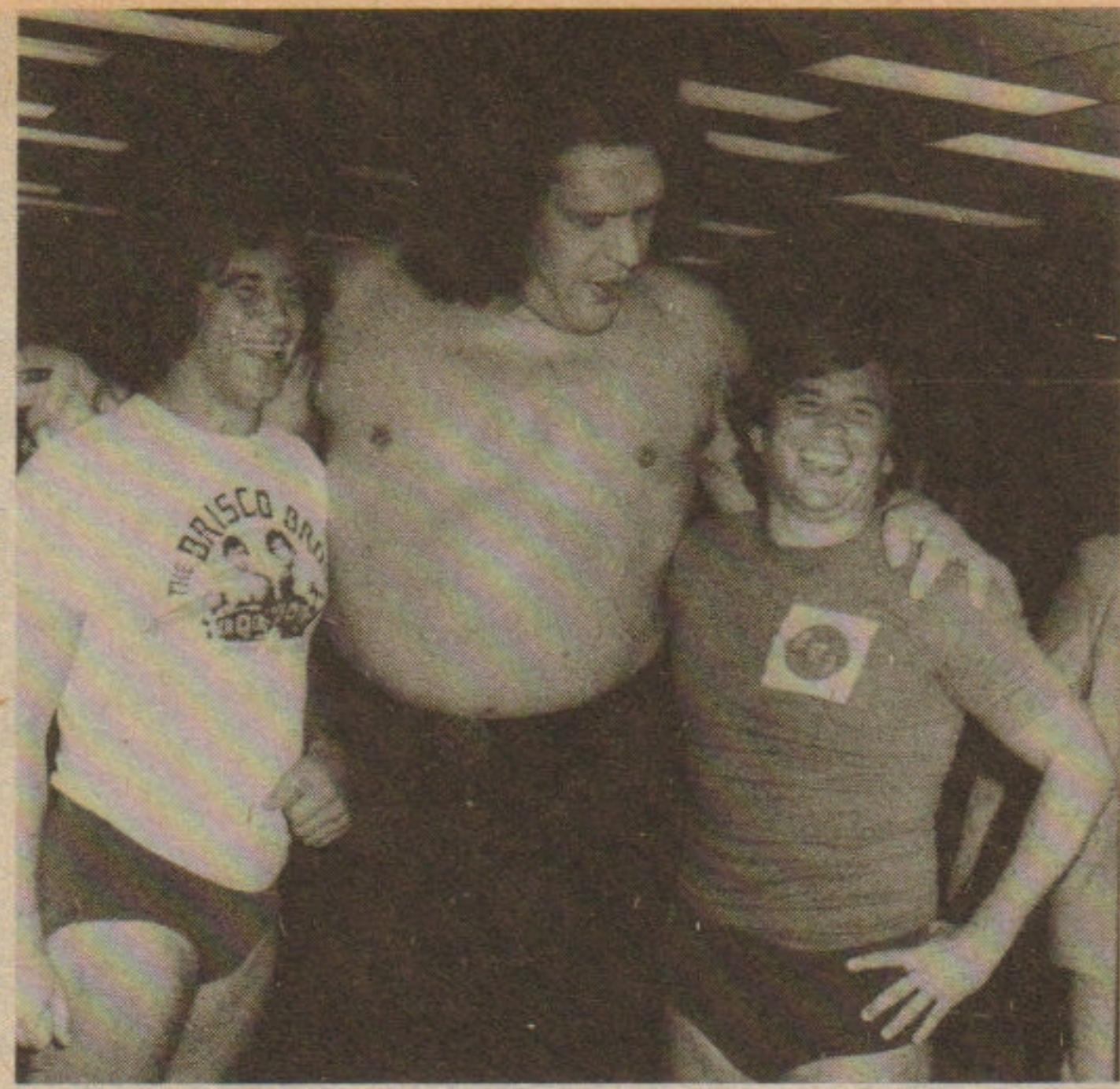
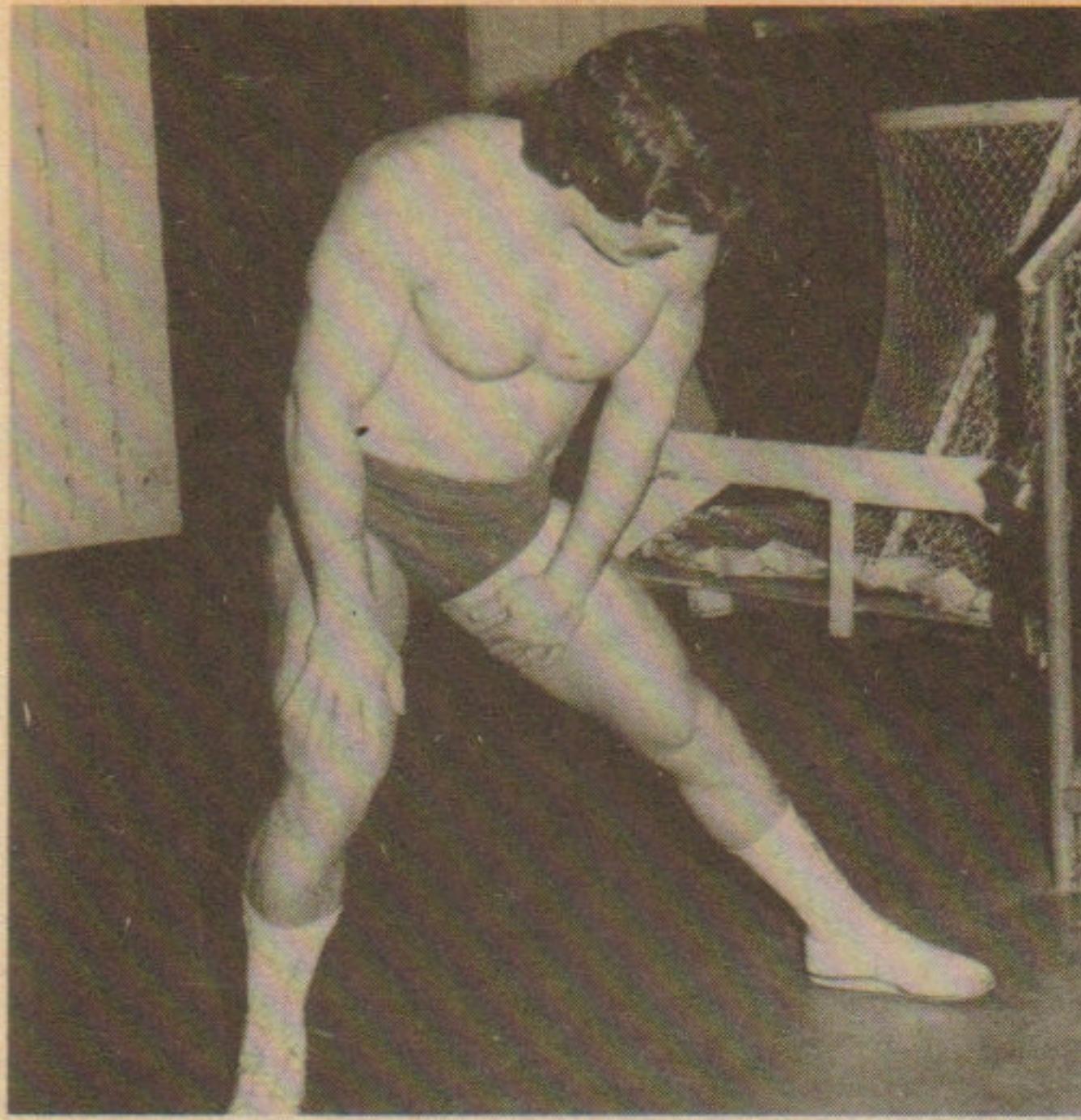
Below: Ric Flair unpacks his suitcase and removes his U.S. title belt before a defense against Greg Valentine.



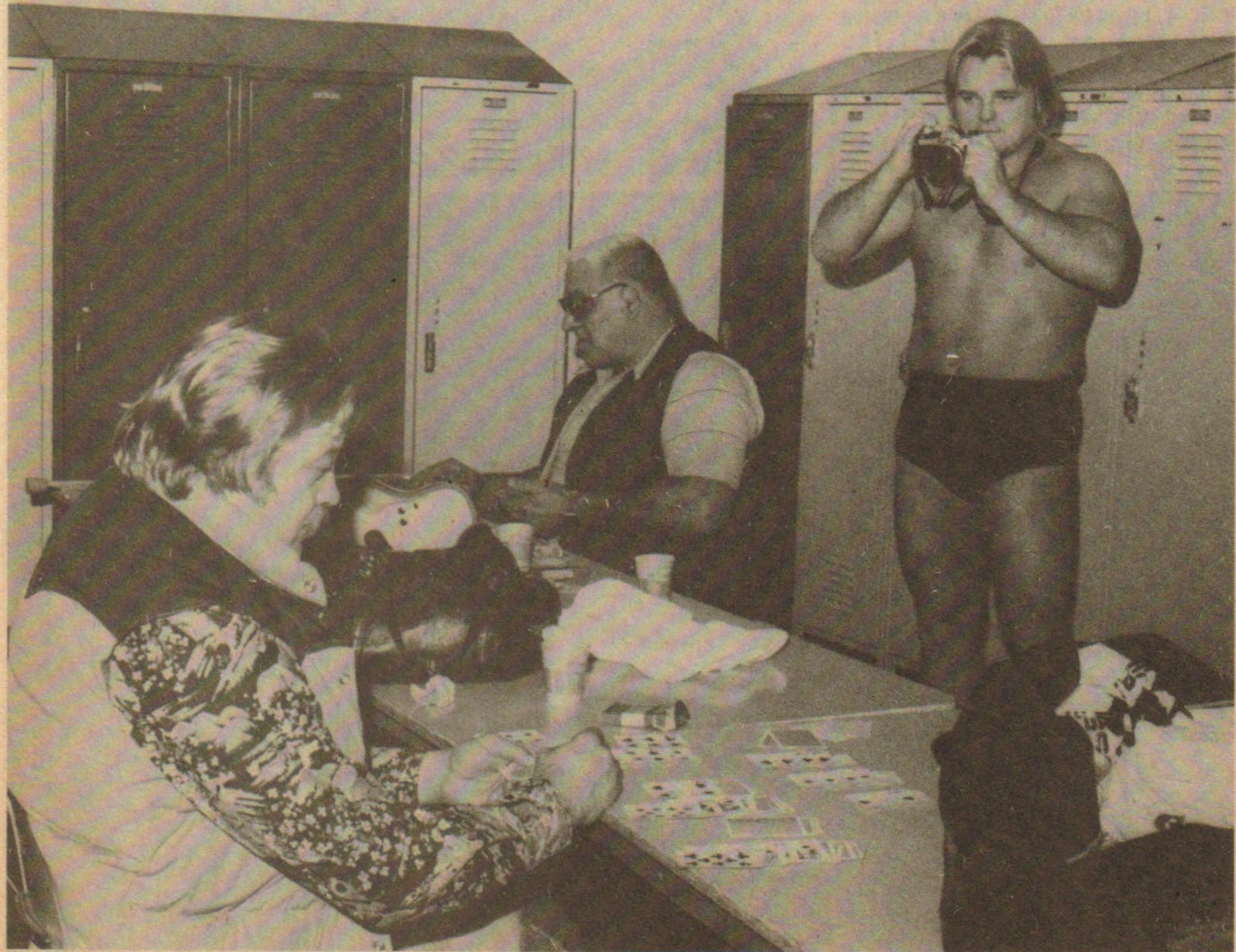
Above: Mike Graham warms up before a match with stretching exercises. Left: "Talkin' with friends and signin' autographs relaxes me," says Tony Atlas. Below: Junkyard Dog likes to sing in the dressing room. "I love the echo sound," Dog says.

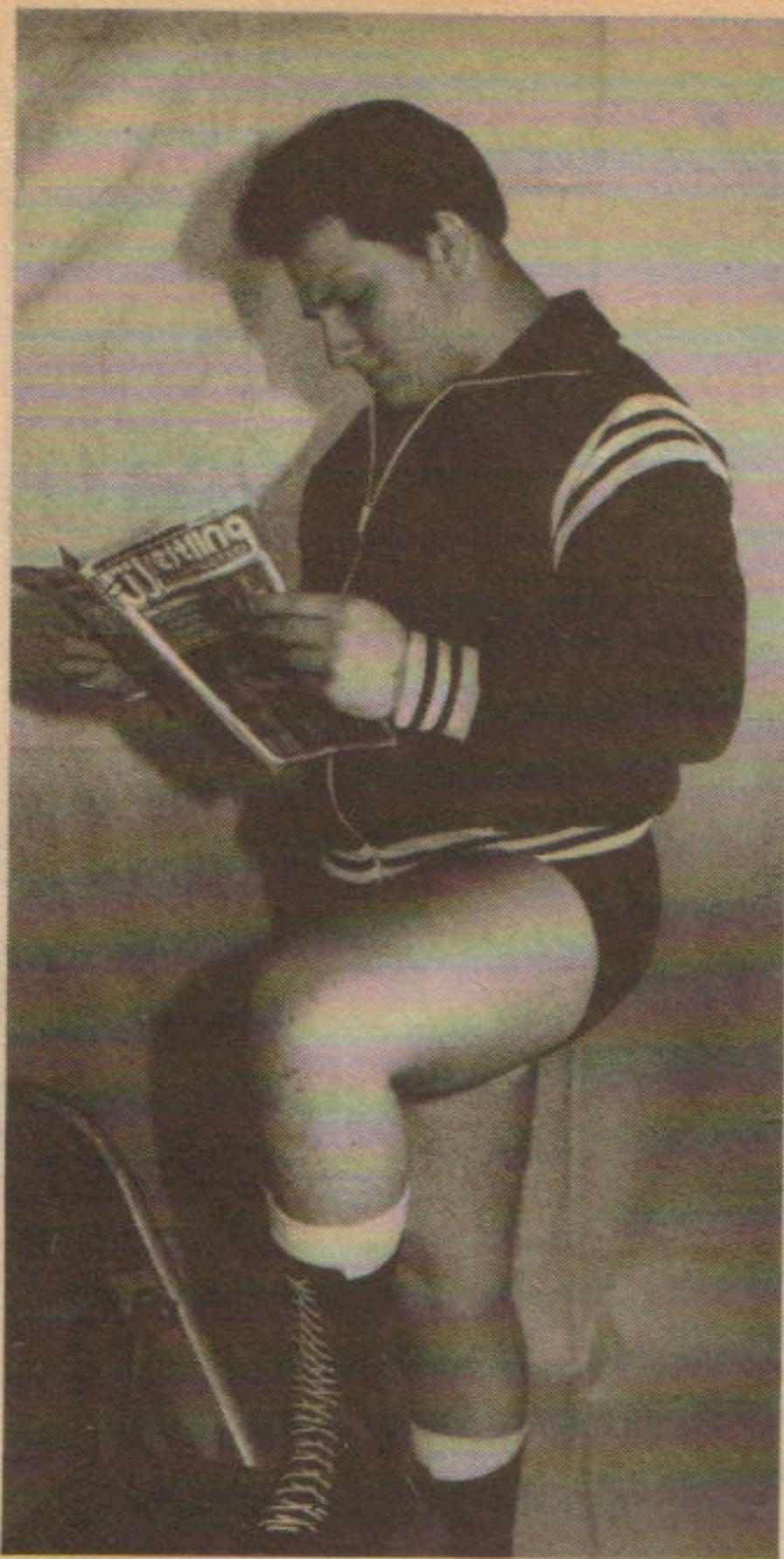


Nothing delights a wrestling fan more than a behind-the-scenes glimpse into the inner workings of professional wrestling. In the following pictorial essay, we show you what happens before the matches actually begin. We show you how top-flight athletes gather their concentration for the big battle ahead.

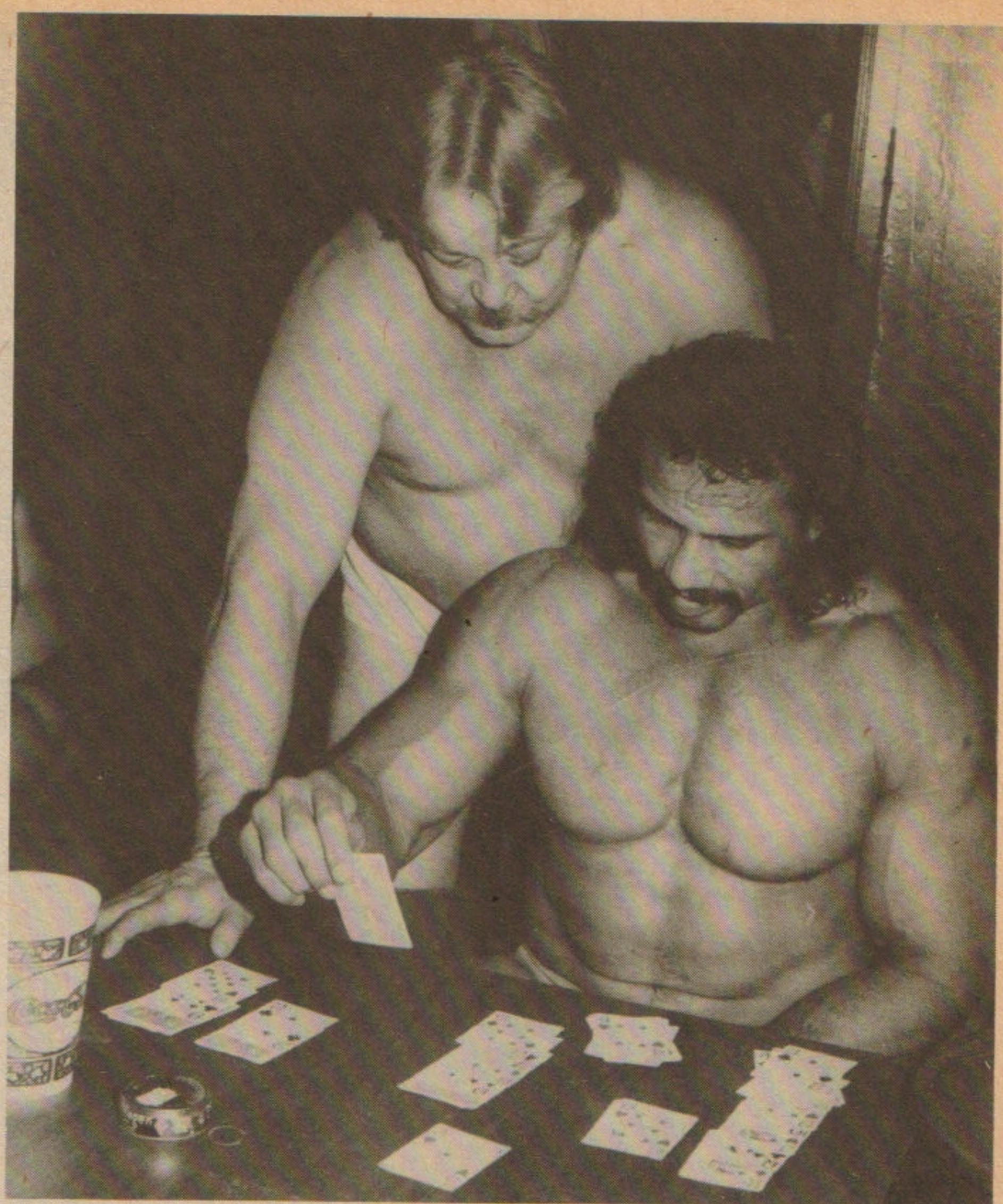


Above left: Steve Travis loosens up at a Hampton, Virginia, arena. Above right: The Brisco Brothers, Jack and Jerry, enjoy a joke with their pal, Andre the Giant. "He's so much bigger than us, we'll laugh at any of his bad jokes," Jerry quips. Below: Greg Valentine is a camera bug. Here he candidly photographs both Ray Stevens and Swede Hanson, each playing solitaire.

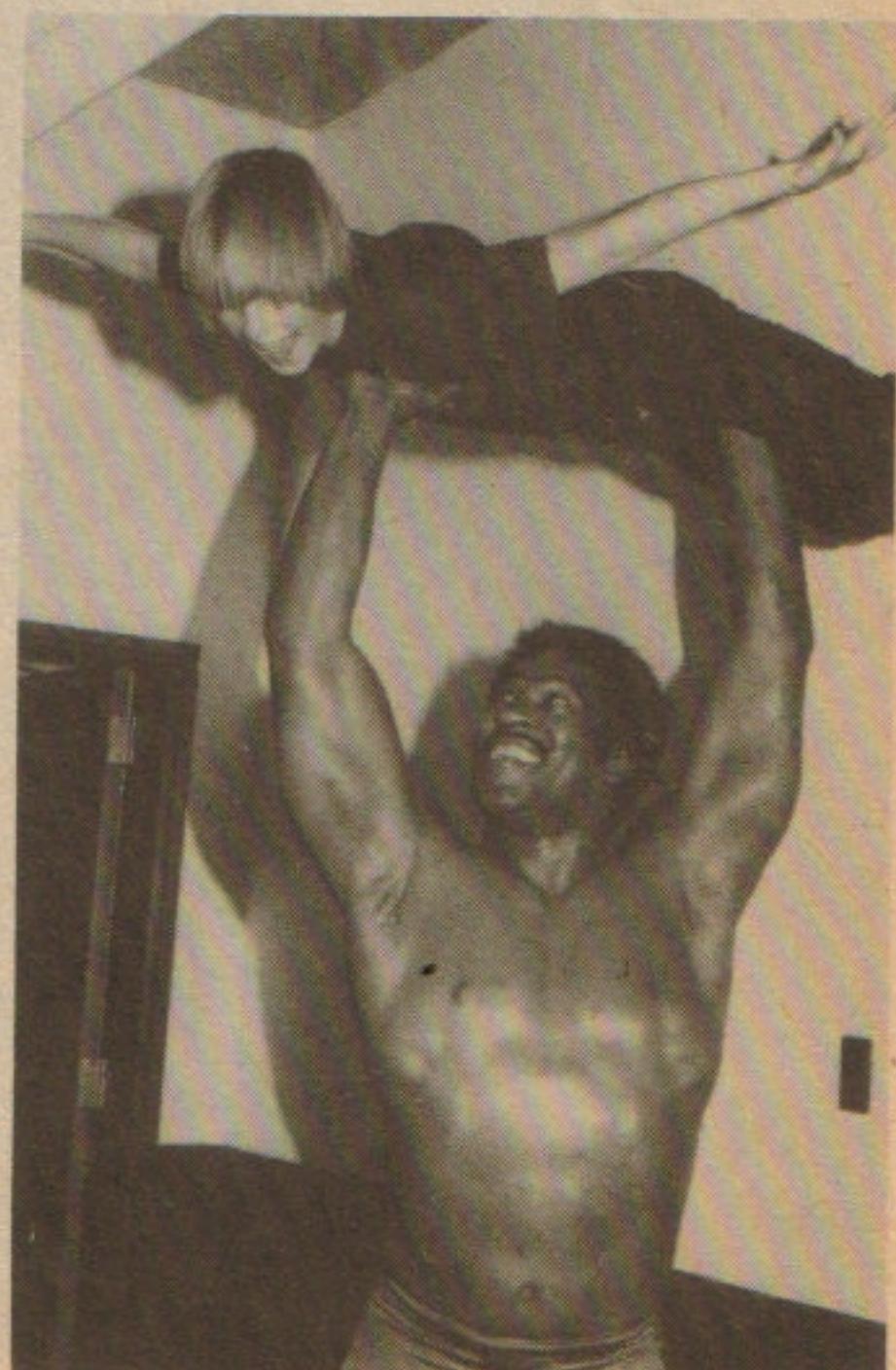




Above: Young Bruno Sammartino Jr. catches up on all the latest news, reading an issue of **PRO WRESTLING ILLUSTRATED**, one of our other publications. Right: Ray Stevens shows Jimmy Snuka some tips on playing solitaire. "For a savage, he's pretty good," Ray said.



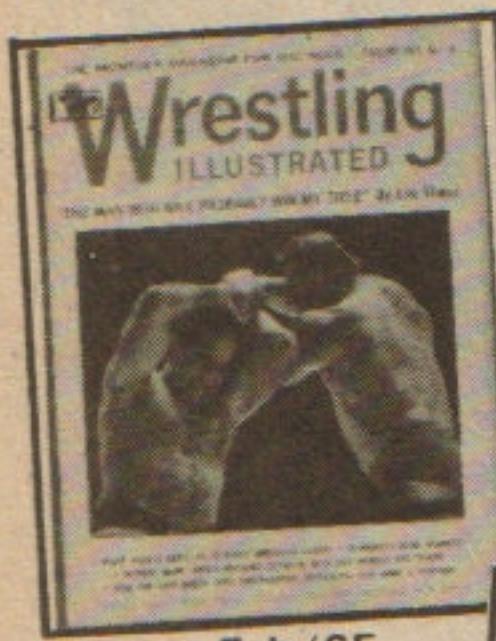
Left: Gene Anderson watches Roddy Piper in action from ringside. He is thinking of signing Roddy. Below: George Wells makes fan's day!



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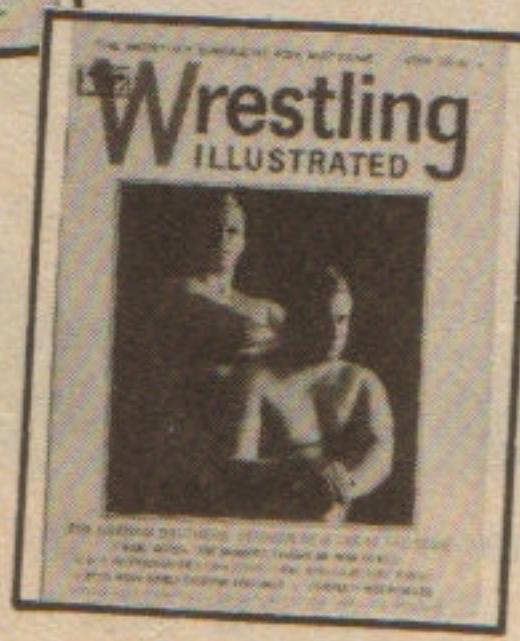


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THE TATTLER

(Continued from Page 8)

"You can never be sure about anyone, you know?" said Rhodes. "I thought I really knew the guy. Hell, we were best friends. Then he turns around and says he'd wrestle me for a buck. Well, I can tell Dick Murdoch if it's a fight he wants, it's a fight he's gonna get."

—Barry Simon

NEW YORK, NY—Welcome home, Ivan Putski!

For too long now, WWF fans have been deprived of the excitement and class of the "Polish Power" of Ivan Putski. After a recent swing through Texas, where he met Tully Blanchard and Eddy Mansfield, Putski has returned home to the WWF and vowed to do battle with such toughies as Hulk Hogan and Stan Hansen.

"Sure, you better believe I'm glad to be back," said Putski. "I look forward to personally greeting each and every one of my fans. It's a great feeling to be home."

—Allison Corey

RICHMOND, VA—Jimmy Snuka and Ray Stevens are two very confused wrestlers at this moment. After losing their Mid-Atlantic tag team titles to Paul Jones and Masked Superstar, Snuka and Stevens went into a period of introspection. They combed their very souls for reasons for their loss. They examined themselves to see if they were really at fault. And they examined their manager, Gene Anderson. Their answer?

"Treachery!" growled Snuka. "We were cheated out of our belts. Anyone who can honestly consider Jones and Superstar as champions is a complete

fool. We'll get back our belts and clean them off with those creeps' blood. That is our vow."

—Carl Salinger



JONES & MASKED SUPERSTAR

ST. LOUIS, MO—Why did Harley Race take the gamble?

On a recent star-studded card at Kiel Auditorium, the NWA champion committed himself to a handicap match against two of the toughest hombres in all of wrestling, Ken Patera and Bruiser. That the match swiftly dissolved into a brutal brawl isn't really the point. What matters are Race's reasons for subjecting himself to such a match, even if it was a non-title bout.

"Maybe it's just the challenge," remarked Race. "Maybe you gotta take a chance every now and then just to keep a healthy perspective on life. You can't lay back because you get complacent and lazy and a little too self-assured."

"All my life I've taken that extra little risk. I've never been afraid of anyone, no one. I'll handle any kinda match they can throw at me. This was just one more interesting,

dangerous kinda challenge. I must say I'm kinda proud to have accepted and survived it. What other champion can say that, huh?"

—*Buddy Ford*

DALLAS, TX—Through-out his sons' careers, Fritz Von Erich has tried to keep a cautious distance, lest it ever appear he is protecting them. According to the Von Erich philosophy, a man must learn to be a man inside the ring. Either you fight your own battles or you perish. The ultimate survival test.

So Fritz has tried to ignore Gino Hernandez's vile, crass remarks about the Von Erich clan. Fritz knew either David or Kevin or Kerry could take care of the overbearing Hernandez. It wasn't until Hernandez started calling Fritz a "has-been" that the elder Von Erich got involved. And when he did, Hernandez wished he kept his big mouth shut.

"This has nothing to do with whatever that pig may have said about my sons," explained Fritz. "This is a direct insult to me. I resent some snot-nosed punk trying to act like he knows what he's talking about. Him and his ignoramus manager Gary Hart will rue the day they opened their mouths about Fritz Von Erich."

The younger Von Erichs took great delight in seeing their father embroiled in a feud.

"It'll be a lot of fun to watch Dad wipe the mat with Gino," said David, grinning. "I almost feel sorry for that fool [Hernandez]. We always knew one of these days he'd get his mouth open a little too wide and this should be the feud that closes it for good."

—*Virginia W. Sloan* □

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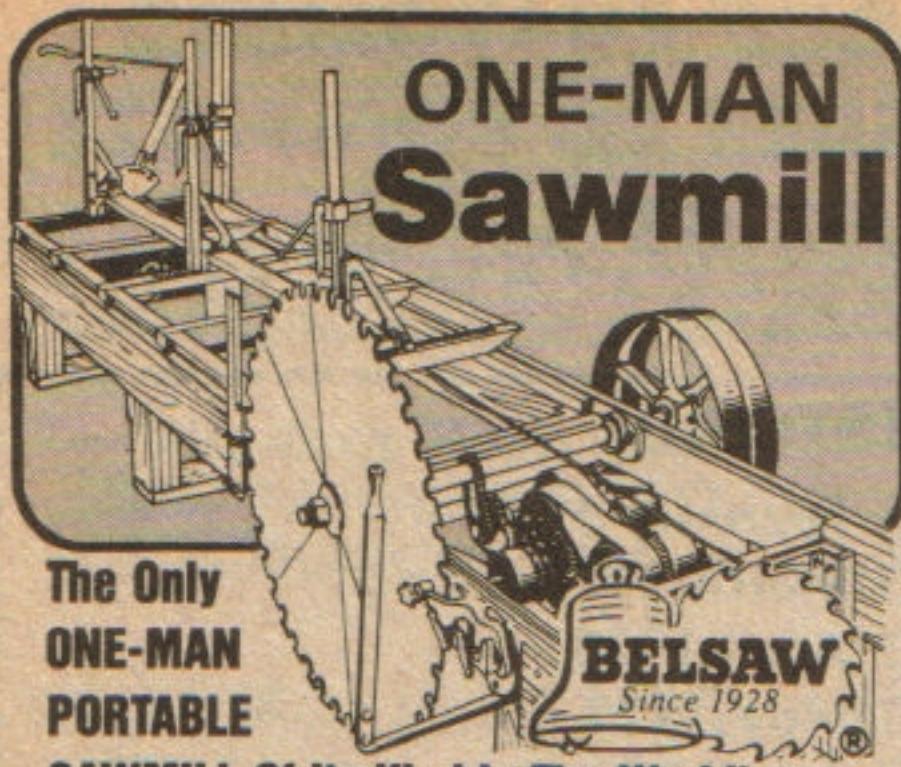
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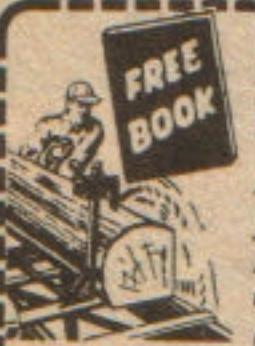
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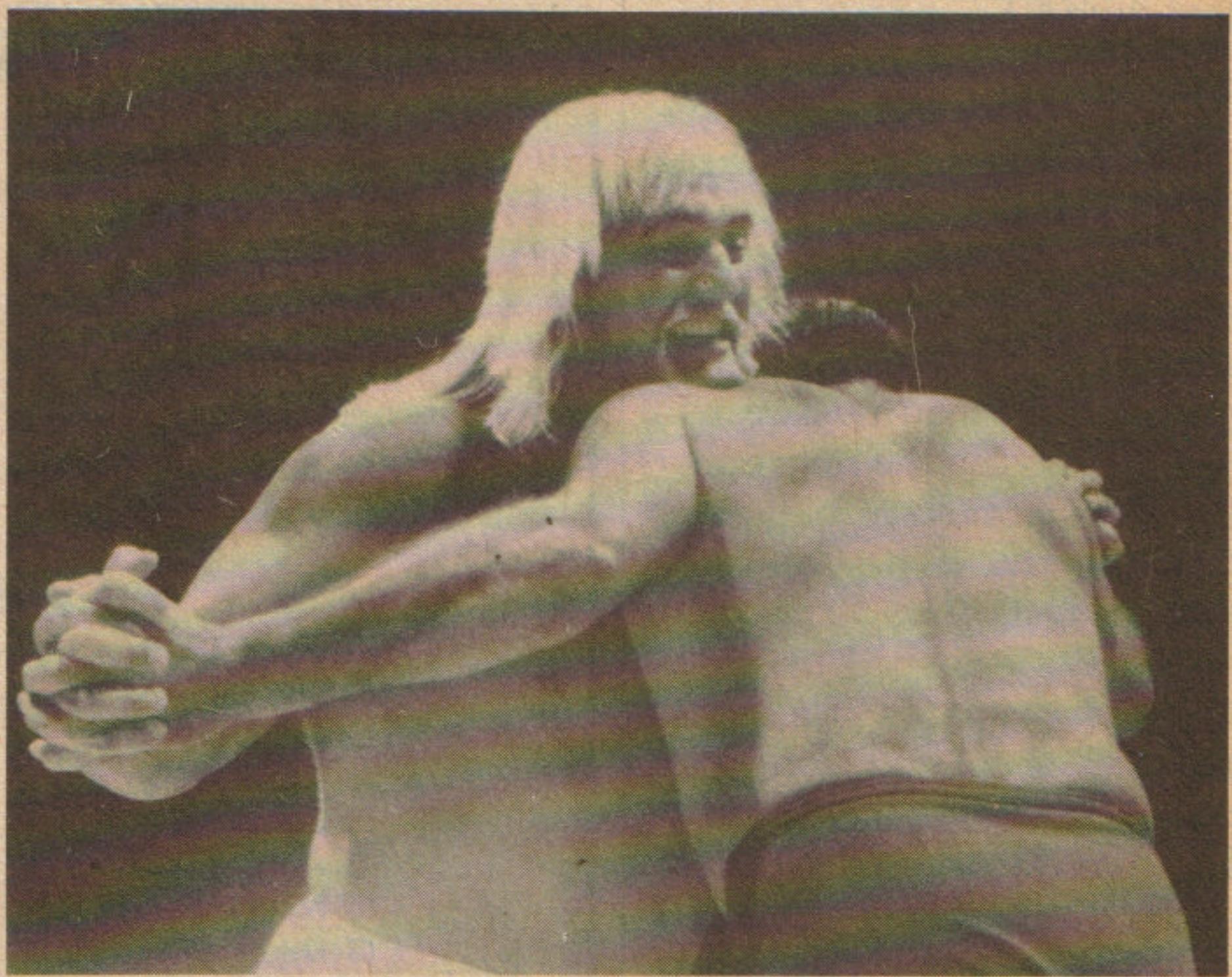
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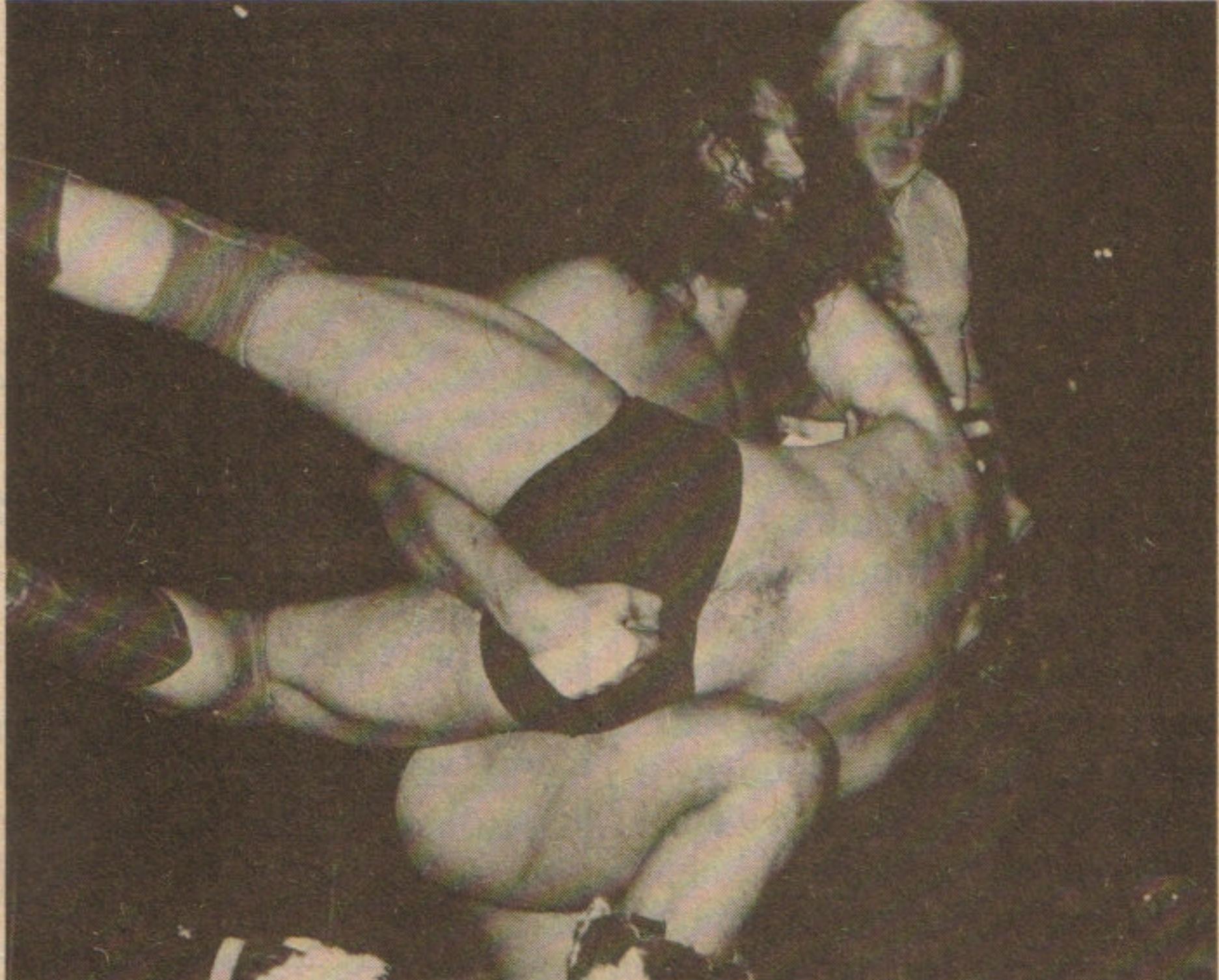
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Inquiring Reporter

(Continued from Page 10)



Matching brute strength against astounding maneuverability, a battle between Hulk Hogan (above) and Mil Mascaras would please Steven Knepper. Rafael Ramirez dreams of a bout between two madmen, Bruiser Brodie (below) and Abdullah the Butcher.



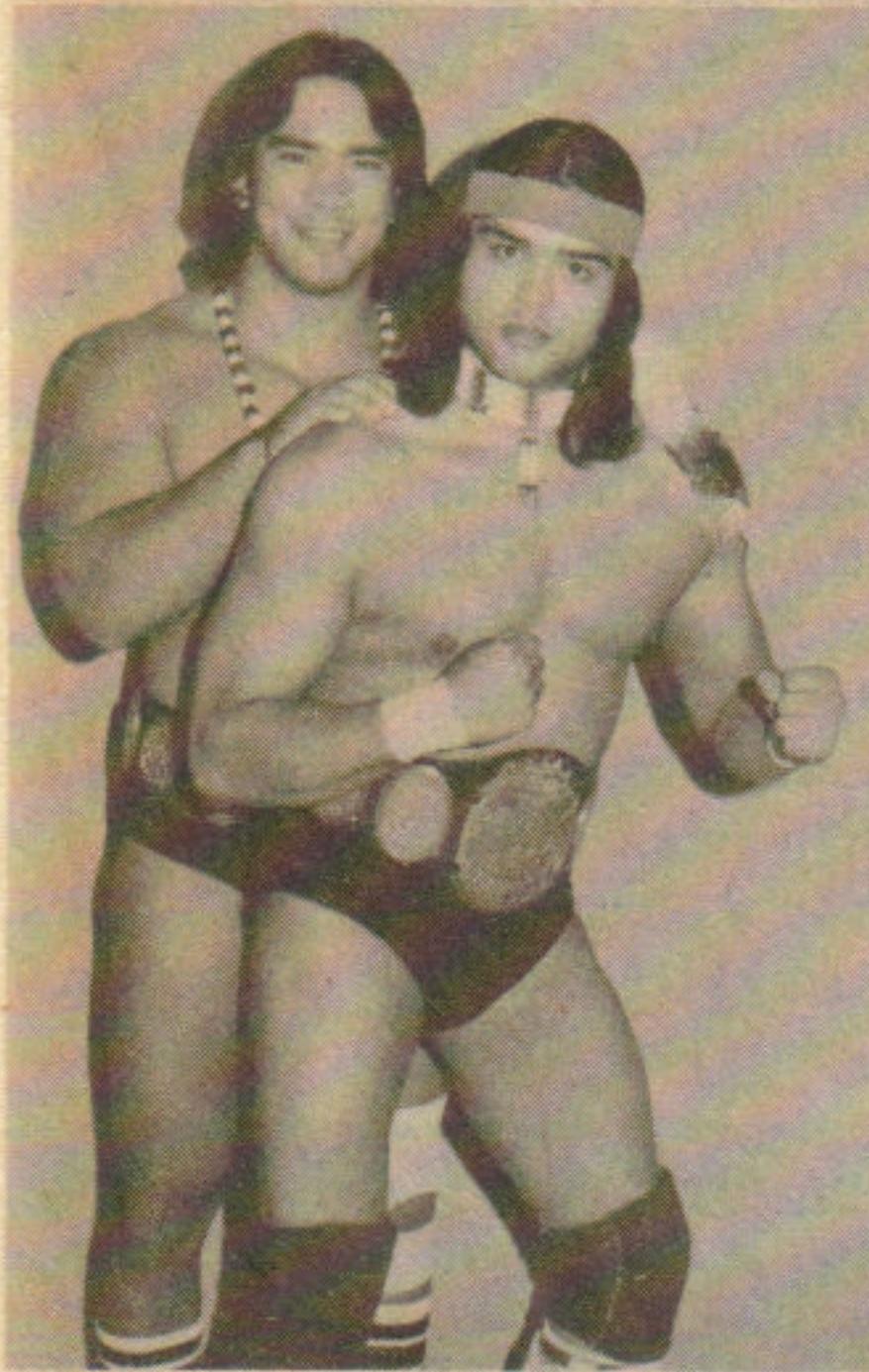
would kind of teach them a little bit about the business. I think Rhodes would toss the guy out of the ring."

Steven Knepper, Kew Gardens, New York: "You know, that's a toughie, but off the top of my head,

I could only think of two guys who'd be perfect together: Hulk Hogan and Mil Mascaras. Hogan's strength and size make him almost unbeatable. And Mascaras' brilliant aerial maneuvers make him

almost unbeatable. You know one of them will lose, but it'd be like a textbook match."

Rafel Ramirez, Houston, Texas: "My personal favorite would be Bruiser Brodie against Abdullah The Butcher. For sheer insanity, you can't top either of these guys. I think they'd probably involve the whole arena in their battle. There'd be chairs thrown, foreign objects



Despite their great friendship, a scientific match between Rick Steamboat and Jay Youngblood would be thrilling.

used, blood, broken limbs, just a really fun bout. I don't know who would win, but I'd surely love to be there."

Dennis Gordy, Charleston, South Carolina: "Rick Steamboat against Jay Youngblood. Oh, I know they're friends, best friends, in fact. But they're the two best young wrestlers in the world. They would really go at it tooth and nail. The sort of maneuvers they'd demonstrate would be breathtaking to watch."

Greg Minton, Atlanta, Georgia: "Know what I'd really want to see, really pay any amount of money to see? Mr. Wrestling II teaching punk Kevin Sullivan a very valuable lesson about wrestling life. I think II would finally teach Sullivan some manners and punch that ugly face around the ring." □

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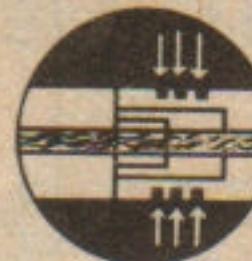
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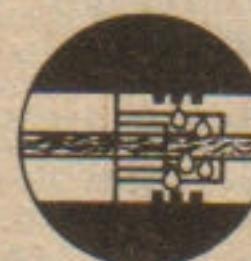


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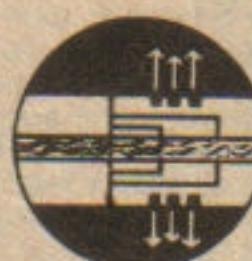
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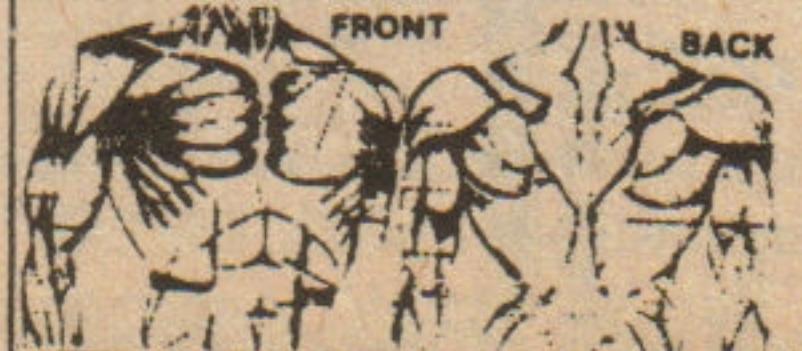
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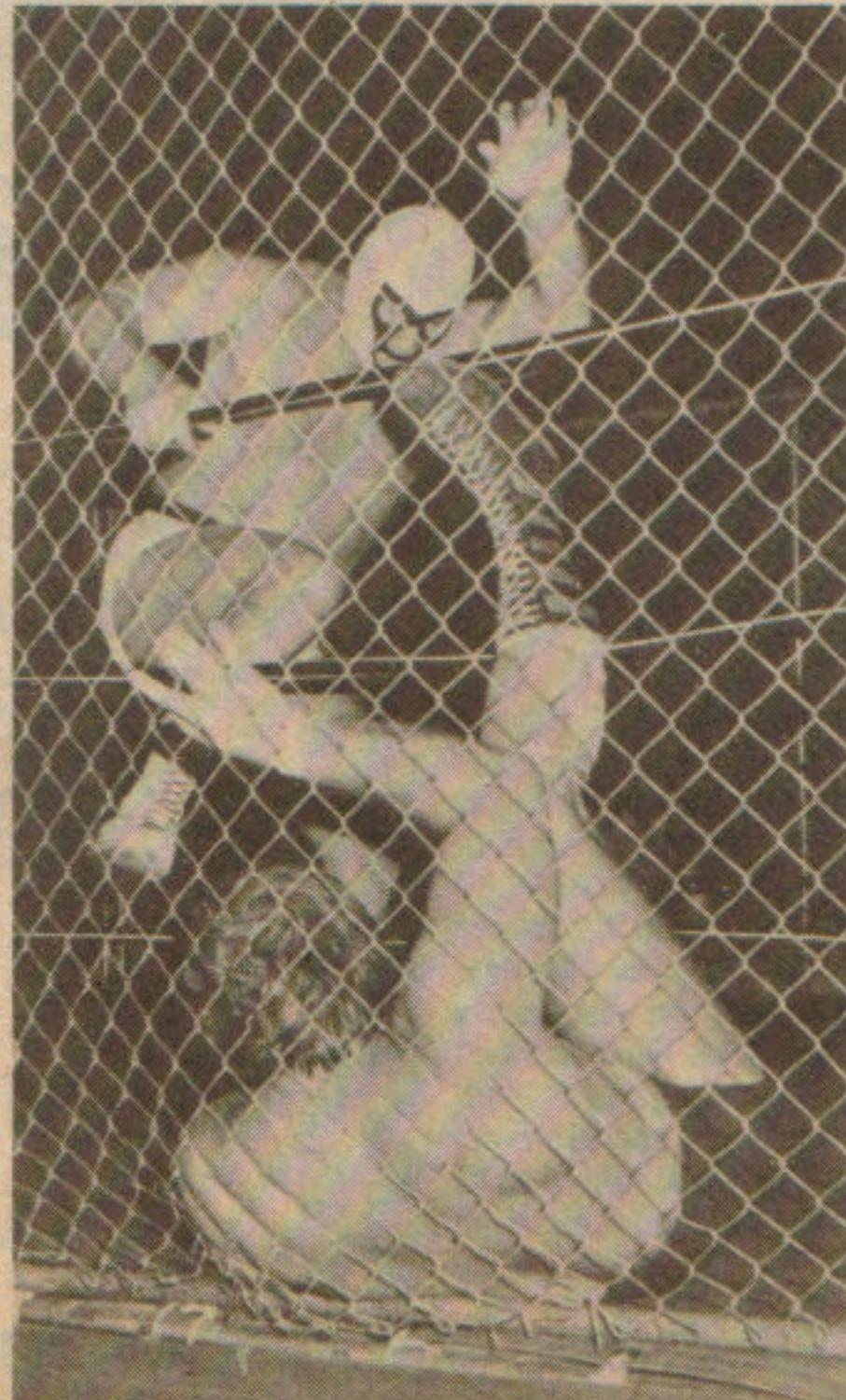
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FEAR AND HATRED

(Continued from Page 25)



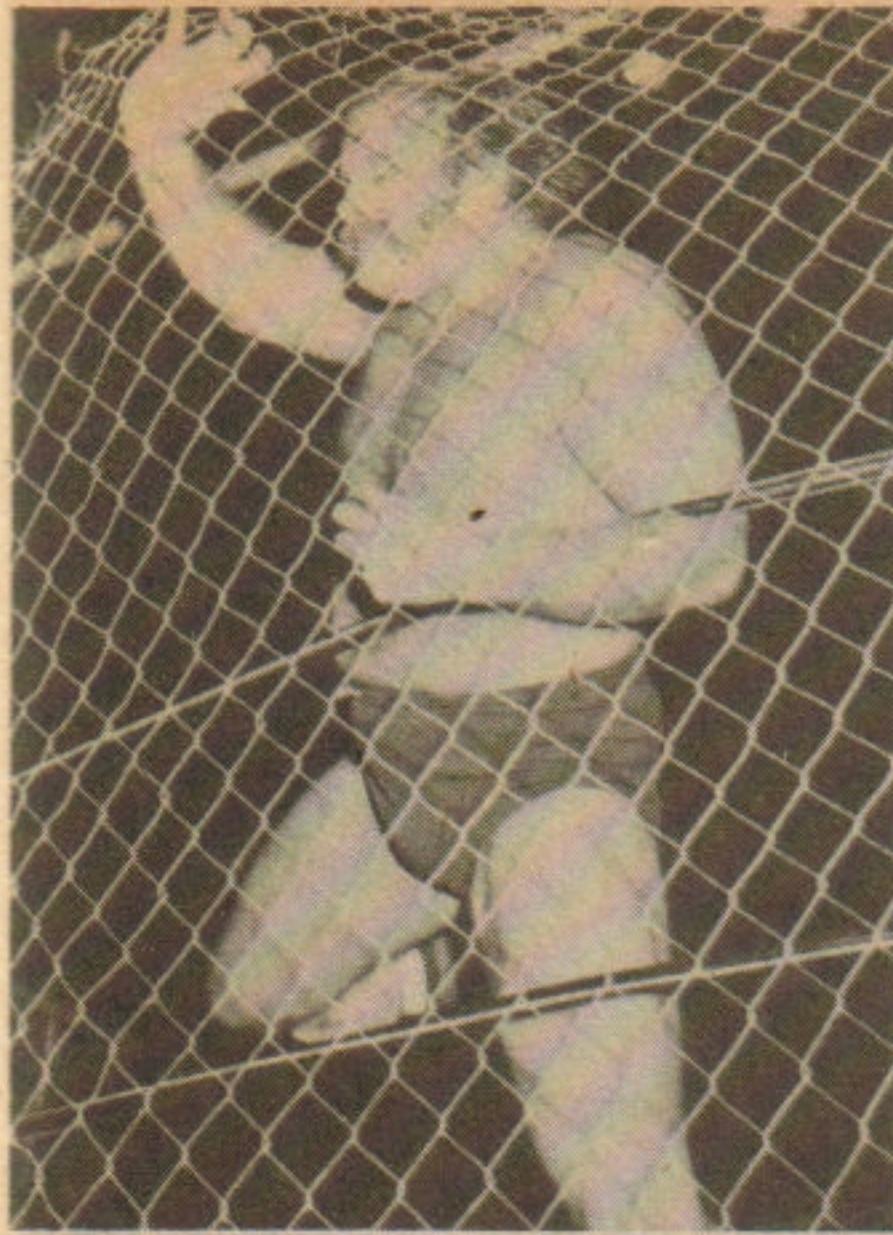
Above: Mr. Wrestling I and II answer some questions before the match from the cage. Below: Mr. Wrestling II prepares to give his opponent a taste of his own medicine.



On the night of the match, the Andersons were also a little nervous. They'd have been crazy if they weren't. Mr. Wrestling and Mr. Wrestling II could also be dangerous, especially when driven by a goal. But the Andersons were also excited and wanting to begin. Defeating their respected masked opponents would make them renowned throughout the world for savagery. Opponents would lie down before them, terrified even before entering the ring.

Soon, the arena lights dimmed and four men strode into the steel cage. Two teams faced each other in the corner. The bell sounded. Mr. Wrestling and Lars Anderson walked to the middle of the ring. The battle had begun.

In the opening moments, Mr. Wrestling dominated. A strong assault brought Lars reeling backwards. He quickly tagged Ole, who mounted an assault of his own. It was a hurricane of illegal, torturous moves. The referee could stop only about 20% of them. The man knows how to cheat.



There is no escape for Ole Anderson from Mr. Wrestling II. The combination of the cage and the power of the masked men were just too much for the Andersons.

Mr. Wrestling II then entered the fray. By this time, the brawl was frightening. Bodies crashed into the metal cage, wounding flesh on backs and faces. Beatings could make a man grow weak and dizzy, only to be saved by his partner. By 20 minutes, all the participants were battered hulks of men, their bodies tortured by incredible bending and mauling. Men had tried to climb the cages only to be torn down. The weary grapplers seemed no closer to victory than when they started.

Then, like a bolt of lightning, Mr. Wrestling II armflipped Ole Anderson into a corner. The victim crashed into the cage, knocked senseless. On instinct alone, Ole tried to get back to his partner but couldn't make it. Mr. Wrestling II kept up the pressure and devastated his foe. Mr. Wrestling saw his partner succeed and leaped over the ring and out. He was quickly followed by Mr. Wrestling II. The pair had won.

Gene Anderson went to aid his battered brother. The look in his eyes would have made a dead man tremble. The Andersons haven't finished with the masked duo. Ole and Gene will want revenge. And when the Andersons seek revenge, somebody goes to the hospital.

Mr. Wrestling and Mr. Wrestling II proved the Andersons aren't invincible. They still haven't proved if a team can survive teaching that lesson. □

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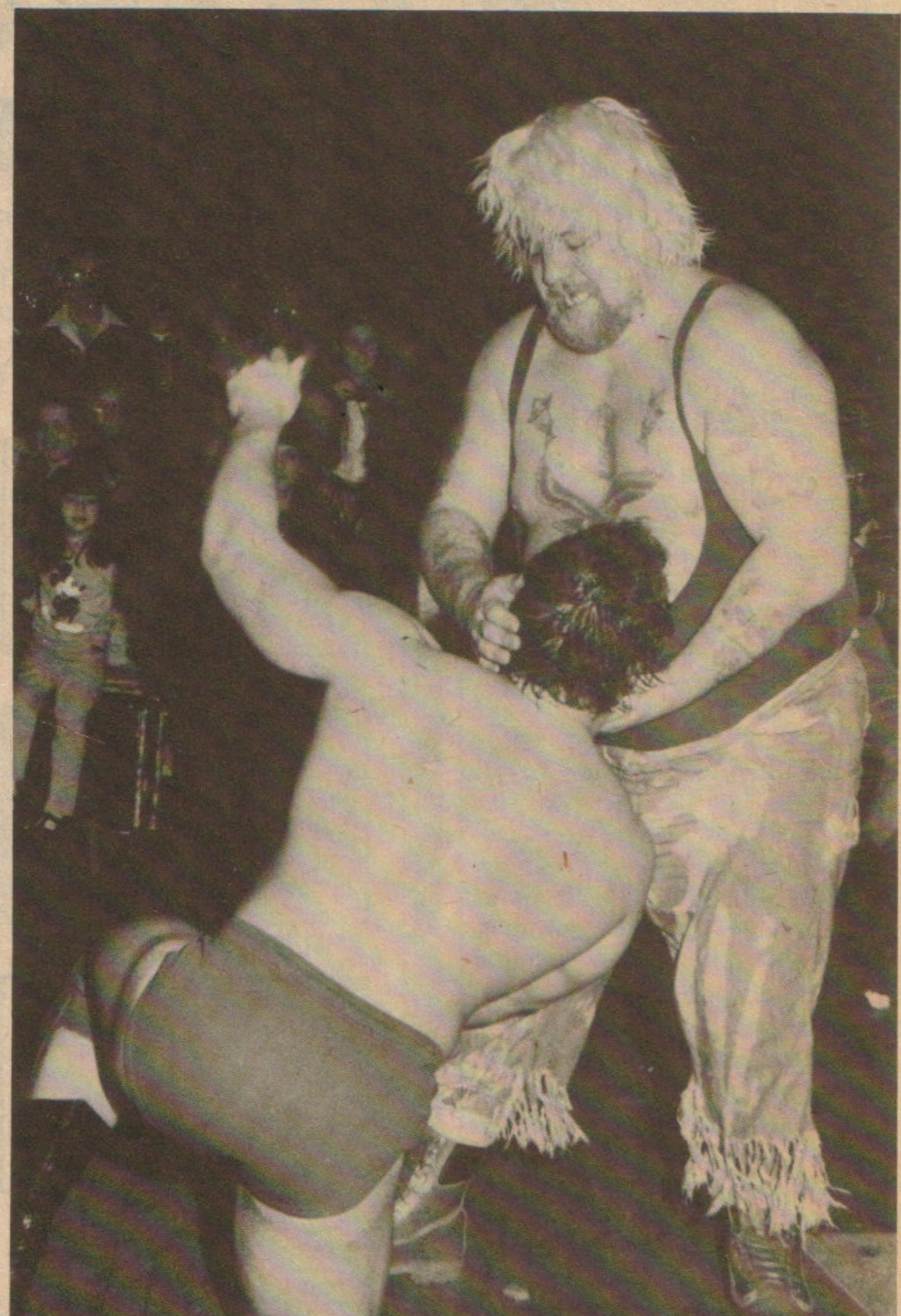
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THE MOONDOGS

(Continued from Page 33)



This Moondog appears to be taking Rick McGraw for a walk outside the ring. If Albano surprised the world with The Samoans he has absolutely bewildered the world with The Moondogs.

all animal behavior disorders. I have seen chickens who wished to be horses, I have seen cats who wish to be parrots, and I once had a chimpanzee who wished to be Arnold Ziffel, the pig.

"But a human who wishes to be a dog? I have never heard of such a thing. I suggest you consult with a psychologist who deals with

humans."

Accepting Dr. Pearlman's advice, I visited Dr. Dale Edmonds. To the good doctor, I again asked what he would think of humans who wanted to be dogs.

"Any such human, and I am speaking very generically, purely on an academic level, who would wish to be a dog has lodged within a

deep-rooted desire to be abused, an extremely servile personality. Of course, it does happen. I have seen instances of humans who would act like dogs. These extremely disturbed souls must be given help."

If that was their problem, I still wasn't certain. I next spoke to a Fifth Avenue biologist specializing in disorders of this kind.

"We call such a problem Reinholdt's Syndrome. For reasons largely unknown to modern medicine, a very small number of babies, perhaps one in a million births, comes into the world with certain animal genes. How it happens we do not know. But these people often manifest their disorder through physical traits, such as hairiness or fangs, not behaviorally, as you indicated," concluded Dr. Aaron Winston.

That left me with the final possibility. The more I thought about it, the more sense it made. Perhaps, just perhaps, the Moondogs, Rex and King, were once normal human beings. Perhaps they were hypnotized, drugged, whatever, by the fiendish Captain. Perhaps they are totally innocent victims of yet another evil Albano plot to control the entire WWF?

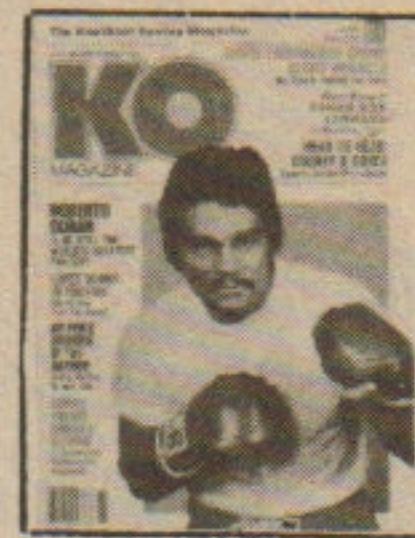
"Me?" Albano questioned. "Why would the Captain have to hypnotize anyone, fool? The Captain doesn't need tricks, the Captain doesn't need gimmicks, the Captain is a real live man who has a couple of real live Moondogs who have whipped, they have yelped, they have eaten and gnawed all over the area and they'll continue to help and bite and howl and do whatever the Captain decides. Thank you very much."

Thus I must end this article with that presumption, that somehow Lou Albano has lured Rex and King into his evil workshop and changed them from human beings into something not of this world. □



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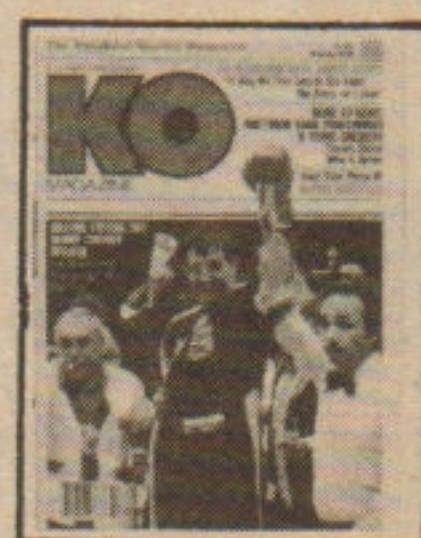
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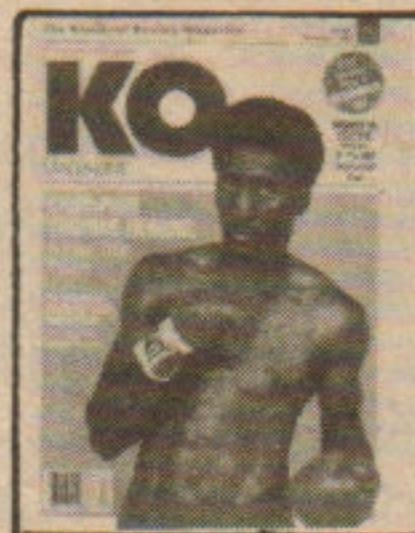
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